HAUNTIN
MEMORIE

Yoyle Mountain

Pin

It's been years since the last challenge in BFDIA. We've all accepted BFDIA has been cancelled and ended up living our lives in Yoyle City. The W.O.A.H. Bunch lives in a giant apartment together. Same with the other teams, I think. I don't really go out much. There's nothing to do anyway. I barely talk to anyone. Sometimes I talk with my teammates, mostly Coiny and Needle, but there's nothing to talk about.

Sometimes I gaze out the window. I see everyone walk around and have fun. I'm on my laptop, rewatching BFDI for the 2763th time. I miss those times. I was so young, did whatever I wanted. I sigh and close my laptop, pushing my seat back. I'm sick of doing nothing.

I put on a jacket and leave my apartment. I walk down the stairs, almost tripping down the stairs.

"Oh hey Pin!" Bomby greets. "Haven't seen you in a while." He says, walking downstairs with me. I give him a quick glance.

"Uh yeah..hi." I mumble, quickening my pace.

"So...you headed off somewhere?" He asks.

"What does it look like?" I snap at him. He chuckles.

"Well..I was wondering if you would wanna go out to get something? The rest of the W.O.A.H Bunchers are gonna be at Gelatin's steakhouse later." He explains.

"No thanks. I'm okay." I quicken my pace even more.

"Oh..well, if you ever change your mind, we're gonna meet there at

7PM! We would really like to catch up with you," He exclaims, waving to me at the top of the stairs.

A small meetup would be nice, but I'm not looking forward to it. I rush out the door, feeling the cool winter breeze hit me. I shiver a little then step out. I see Eraser Pen, Blocky, and Snowball having a...snowball fight. I'm not used to seeing them. Ever since the TLC was open, thanks to Golfball and Tennisball, I'm seeing new faces everywhere I go.

There's just one face I haven't seen in a while.

Leafy...

I remember seeing her once in BFDIA but Gelatin kicked her out. Even though it's been years, I still haven't forgotten about her. Everyone has, mostly everyone. Firey's the only one that remembers her. I haven't seen Firey in a while, maybe I should go check up on him.

"PIN!!" I hear somebody scream my name. I feel weight on my back pushing me down. I turn around, struggling, to see Coiny and Needle.

"We haven't seen you in forever!" Needle smiles, hugging me tighter.

"Yeah..cool. Please get off me." I ask quietly. They get off me, Coiny helping me up.

"Sorry.." Coiny mumbles, giving a slight grin.

"What do you guys want?" I question, walking towards Firey's house, which is far from everyone's house.

"Well..we just haven't seen you in a while, how are you?" Coiny asks.

"Fine. Now I'm busy. Talk to you later." I say, my pace getting faster.

"Okay. Well, if you're not busy later we're meeting up at Gelatin's—" Needle's voice trails off and I walk around the corner.

Firey's house is near Yoyle mountain, farther than everybody's house. New faces keep waving at me but I ignore them. After almost 30

minutes, I'm at his door.

I knock at his door, waiting for an answer. I knock again...and again.

"Firey?" I ask. I hear no response. I pull my phone out and call him. He answers a couple seconds later.

"What.." His voice comes through.

"Open the damn door I've been knocking for ages." I respond harshly. A couple seconds later he opens the door, his phone still in his hand. He ends the call to look at me.

He's in his PJ's, Leafy had the same PJ's. They would match all the time. His hair is ruffled everywhere and his eye bags are the worst I've ever seen. He blinks a little, probably waking up from his sleep.

"Um...yeah...?" He asks, his voice barley coming through.

"Can we talk?" I question. He nods as he opens the door wider for me. I walk inside and see his house. Everything is super messy. I step over a pile of papers and settle on the couch. I set my phone down on the coffee table and Firey sits on the other side. He slumps in the seat, barely looking at me.

"So...what's up?" He asks.

"Do you remember Leafy?" I question, getting straight to the point. His eyes widen.

"Um...who's Leafy?" He stammers, sitting up properly now. I look up at his wall and see a photo of him and Leafy smiling in a photo together.

"You have a photo of Leafy on the wall." I say, pointing to the photo. Firey panics and he takes his slipper off. He throws the slipper at the frame, knocking the photo down. I hear glass break.

"No I don't." He deadpans, looking straight into my eyes.

"Right..." I eye him skeptically. "Firey, don't lie to me. You remember Leafy, nobody else does."

Firey sighs. He grabs the picture from the floor, avoiding the glass. He looks at the picture for a while, his eyes starting to water a little.

"I miss her." He mumbles. My heart aches for him as he mumbles. I sigh, taking out my laptop from my bag. I place the laptop on the table, opening it up.

"I do too. Even if she stole Dream Island...she was still our friend." I mumble, looking up at him. I type my password in, opening my files. BFDI 1a starts playing.

Firey's head perks up.

"Is that.." He stops everything and sits next to me. I scoot a little further so he had more room. His eyes widened and he takes my laptop into his hands.

"Yeah. That's us." I say. He continues to stare at the screen, his eyes wide with awe.

"That's me! And oh ew! Coiny." He sticks his tongue out on Coiny. I roll my eyes.

"Pin, how do you have this?" He asks, his eyes not leaving the screen.

"Well... I found it in the forest. I'm pretty sure it's Leafys. It has her name on the drive."

It's like I can see Firey's eyes sparkle. He starts sobbing a little. I look away, not wanting to see him cry. Maybe his eyes WERE sparking..it was just tears.

"Pin I need to show you something." His voice breaks a little.

Firey leads me outside, he starts leading me towards Yoyle Mountain. We walk for about 10 minutes until he leads me into a small forest. He hugs himself as he stops. I walk around him to see what he's looking at. A tombstone.

Guess who's name was on it!

Leafy!

Leafy

Firey (mentions of suicide)

Pin walks up to the tombstone. She sits her on knees, reading the tombstone.

"Leafy lies here...beloved by few. 1995–2013." Pin reads out loud. Her voice breaks a little. "Firey..is this—"

"She's dead Pin. She's been dead for 2 years." I say, kneeling down next to Pin.

"She died in 2013?" She asks, looking at me.

"Yeah..I never showed anybody this." I mumble, tracing the edge of the tombstone with my hand.

"How'd she die? When did you find this? Did you make this?" Pin starts asking me all sorts of questions. I shrug to all of them.

"I found this about 2 years ago, Right when she apparently died. I haven't actually seen her body, or anything." I explain.

"Who made this?" Pin asks, mostly speaking to herself.

"I don't know. Nobody remembers leafy, except you and me." I say, looking towards Pin. Her eyes are still locked on the tombstone.

"Do...do you think it was a suicide?" Pin questions, her eyes etched with sadness.

"What?" I exclaim.

"You know..do you think she killed herself..?" Pin asks, looking at me. I shake my head.

"No. No definitely not. Leafy would never." I protest, but a voice in my head that tells me I'm wrong. Leafy wouldn't, at least the Leafy I know wouldn't.

"Come on Firey...who would EVER write 'loved by FEW' on a tombstone?" She asks, raising her tone.

"Somebody that hates her! A lot of people hate her man. I hated her, YOU hated her!" I snap back. Pin scoffs.

"Why would somebody that hates her bury her?" She asks.

"Oh. Well, the Leafy I know wouldn't do this to herself." I exclaim. Pin looks at me, skeptical.

"The Leafy you KNEW. Leafy's changed, she's changed a lot Firey. Do you really know her?" Pin asks. I pause and look back at the tombstone.

Pin's right. I don't know Leafy anymore, but she wouldn't kill herself. She really wouldn't.

"I fucked up badly Pin." I mumble, my eyes tearing up.

"At least your aware." She mumbles.

"You're not helping!" I shout at her.

"Sorry..." She apologizes. I look back at the tombstone.

"Do you think she actually killed herself...?" I question.

"Probably. I'm sorry Firey. Hey, if it helps you can keep the drive." Pin digs in her pocket for a little, before handing me the drive with BFDI on it.

"Really?" I ask, taking the drive. She nods and curls my fingers around the drive.

"You should keep it. You were closest with Leafy." Pin looks away. "I've rewatched the season a lot. You guys were really close..." She chuckles a little. I start crying and hug Pin tightly.

"Thank you Pin. Thank you so much." I sob into her shoulder. Pin pats my back a little before pushing me off her.

"Yeah yeah...you're welcome." She gives me a warm smile. She stands up, brushing all the dirt from her knees. She picks a flower from the ground and gently places it on the grave. She waves to me.

"Well, I best get going..it's getting a little late." She says, waving to me. She clutches her bag before making her way down. Then she stops. She pulls her phone out and points it at the grave.

"Firey move." She demands, gesturing me to move out the frame.

"What? Why?" I ask, but I still step away. I walk over to her side, watching her take some photos.

"I'm taking a photo of her grave. Just in case tomorrow something's missing, or it's changed." She explains.

"That's smart. Wait, tomorrow? You're coming back here tomorrow?" I ask. She nods.

"Yeah, probably. It's good to get out the house." She looks at me. "Meet you here tomorrow, same time?"

"Yeah...yeah I'll be here." I say, wiping some of my tears away. Pin smiles, waving goodbye to me. I watch her walk down the mountain. I look back at the grave. I find a nearby flower and pluck it off. I walk back to the grave and lay it down next to Pin's flower.

"I know these types of flowers were your favorite..." I say, sitting on my knees. I look back to see Pin completely gone.

"Hey...at least somebody remembers you." I say, giving a weak smile. "Pin does. If you were able to hear our conversation...she misses you. She misses you a lot. You miss her too right?" I ask. I hear nothing but my own quiet sobs.

"Yeah I thought so..." I mumble looking down on the ground. "Well...Pin gave me this. It's apparently yours." I turn the drive around to see your name written in white. It's a little faded though.

"I miss you Leafy. Come back please." I start to sob a little, my head in my hands.

"I'm so sorry. I wasn't thinking straight. I was just upset—please don't be mad at me. Is this my fault? I'm so sorry Leafy, I'm so sorry. It's all my fault. I put the stupid prize over you—I shouldn't have. I'm sorry. I didn't deserve to win, you should've won. I'm so sorry." I sob. I hug myself and I feel snow starting to come down. I start to stand up.

"I should be there instead of you. You don't deserve to be dead. I do." I thought about it for a moment. I mean what's stopping me from killing myself anyway.

"You know how much I hate the cold...I'll see you tomorrow Leafy. I love you." I start to walk down the mountain, feeling my tears freeze up. I hold onto the drive tightly, leaving marks in my palms.

The thought lingers in my mind. What if I do kill myself? Who's going to stop me. Nobody would even care anyway. It'll make everyone happier. Especially Coiny. Especially Leafy. She would want to see me dead. Maybe I'll be able to see her once I'm dead.

W.O.A.H. Bunch

Pin

I'm walking down the mountain, emotions running through me. Leafy's dead. I gave Firey the only copy of BFDI. As I'm walking back to my house, I feel it starting to snow. I look back to see nobody. I was hoping I might at least see Firey. I grab my coat tighter and zip it up all the way. I hug myself going down the mountain.

The time on my phone reads 6:30PM. Almost 7PM. Should I go meetup with the others? It wouldn't hurt to. I'm kind of hungry anyway.

I walk over to Gelatins steakhouse to see Nickel already there, on his phone. He drinks some water from his glass before seeing me.

"Pin?" He asks, sounding shocked.

"Yeah...hi." I mumble, going towards him. I settle my bag down by a chair near him. He rushes to hug me.

"It's been so long Pin! Everyone's been so worried about you." He says, hugging me tight. Nickels pretty short so it feels awkward. I pat his head a little before pushing him away.

"I'm...okay." I sit down on a chair, putting my bag down. Nickel sits opposite from me.

"So...how have you been?" He asks, putting his phone down. I gently place my hands in my lap together, looking away.

"I've...been better. How are you?" I mumble, looking back up at him. Nickel grins wide.

"I've been GREAT! So much has happened since BFDIA got canceled.

I'm glad it got canceled. It's like..I have all the freedom now." He exclaims, his eyes wide with joy.

"Uh huh.." I force a smile.

"Say...have you met the new people? The ones from the TLC?" He asks, taking a sip from his water. I shake my head.

"No. I haven't talked with any of them. I might've talked with the season 1 guys, but not the new ones." Nickel nods.

"That's right...you never come out." He chuckles a little. I roll my eyes.

"Just go back to being on your phone." I say a little harsh, taking out my phone. I open up my messages to see 99+ notifications from most my group chats. I scroll all the way to the bottom of my contacts to see Leafy.

'Seen 3 years ago'

Has it really been that long? Should I text her? I mean she's dead, what's the point. I open up our messages together.

'Hi Pin!!! It's the final 3 I'm so nervous lol..'

'No need to be nervous! EVERYONE LOVES YOU!!!'

'Hope so. Cya soon, hopefully on dream island together :3'

'Leafy where are you?'
'Hello?'
'Firey said he didn't let you in'
'LEAFY WHERE ARE YOU'
'What the fuck? Leafy did you steal dream island?'

'I'm sorry Pin.'

'Just shut up. You ruined this for everyone thanks a lot. I hope you feel happy with yourself because we all hate you now. Don't ever talk to me again.'
Seen 3yr ago

Maybe I was a little harsh on Leafy. She was young, she really didn't know any better. I start to text her again, just wishing everything was back to normal. I was midway writing a sentence before a voice scares me.

"Pin?" I hear Coiny's voice. "I didn't think you would be here!" He exclaims, his voice filled with joy.

"Yeah I didn't think that either." I mumble to myself. Coiny gives me a side hug before on a chair. Him and Nickel start chatting while I'm still deciding if I should text Leafy. Would good will it do anyway?

'Hey. I just found out you're dead. I'm so sorry about everything that's happen to you. I miss you so much, so does Firey. I love you."

I send the message, feeling nervous for some reason.

"Pin?" Coiny's voice pierces the air. I perk my head up from my phone to see Coiny and Nickel.

"You uh...you okay?" Nickel asks. I nod, collecting myself.

"Well...we were hoping you would want to join us and the rest of our friends tomorrow? We're gonna have a snowball fight" Coiny explains.

"Yeah! And it's gonna be SO fun! We're gonna have giant forts and igloos and it's gonna be so fun!" Nickel slams his hands on the table, excited. Coiny gives Nickel a quick side eye and pushes him a little.

"Yeah...some of the newer people from the TLC are gonna be there. You should meet them!" Coiny cheers. I shake my head.

"No, I don't really like meeting new people." I say, looking back at my phone. I feel Coiny sigh.

"Pin...what happened to you? You used to be to outgoing and friendly. It's like you're a whole different person." He questions, pushing my phone down.

Before I can say anything, the door chimes and I see the rest of the W.O.A.H. Bunchers. They all greet me, surprised.

We talk for hours, well, they talk for hours. I just listen. It starts getting dark outside and as we're about to leave, I speak up.

"Wait, guys. Quick question." I ask, speaking up a little. Nickel looks back at goes back to his seat.

"Yeah?" They all basically say at the same time.

"Do you guys...well do you guys remember anyone named Leafy?" I question.

Everyone looks at me for a while before giving eachother looks.

"Um, who?" Needle questions, giving me a weak smile.

"You know? She was our friend. She was friends with you and Coiny—and you Spongey. I don't know if she was friends with you. You guys seriously don't remember *anything?"* I feel myself starting to beg, hoping they'll remember.

"I'm sorry Pin, maybe only you were friends with her." Coiny speaks up, gently holding my hands. I shake my head.

"No. No she was friends with all of us...you have to remember." I plead, holding Coiny's hands tight, staring at him wide eyed.

"Pin, I think you're starting to go insane. Maybe you shouldn't be locked up in that room anymore." Spongey says, chuckling to himself. Everyone at the table shoots him a glance.

"It's...fine. I'm gonna go now." I mumble, jumping off my chair. I clutch my back and look back to see Coiny waving at me. I give him a small smile before heading out.

The snow has built up to my ankles now. The air is extremely cold. I look back at Yoyle mountain, not being able to see it due to it being dark. I hope Firey made it home safe.

Drive

Pin

I hear a knock on my window. I pause for a second, my window is three story's high, who's knocking on it? I stand up from the bed and look out. My window is covered in snow. I pull the window up before a snowball hits my face.

"Ugh...ew..." I wipe the snow off my face, it immediately melting into my carpet.

"What the hell is wrong with you?" I scream, poking my head out the window. I see Firey giving me a wide eyed stare.

"Sorry Pin!" He shouts, using his gloved hands to project his voice louder.

"Firey? What are you doing here?" I shout back, grabbing a coat. "Give me a second!" I quickly grab my gloves and bag, rushing down the stairs. I struggle putting on the gloves as I head downstairs.

Firey is patiently waiting for me. I finish putting the gloves on.

"What are you doing here?" I ask. He gestures with his head to follow me. I walk to next him.

"I called you but you weren't answering," He says, pulling out his phone and showing me the missed calls.

"Oh sorry...was there something you needed?" I ask. His hesitates before nodding his head.

"Well...I actually wanted to talk to you about the drive you gave me." He explains, shoving his hands in his pockets, pulling out the drive. I give him a confused look.

"What about it?" I question.

"So I was messing around with it...and I think I might've found something." Firey explains, holding the drive in his hand.

"If you reverse this specific part, it kind of sounds like Leafy. Just listen, there's this awkward pause in the video right? Where nobody is moving and everyone's just looking at the camera for a second?" He questions.

"I know what you're talking about." Halfway through the season, for some reason it cuts to a photo of all 20 constants just there—lifeless. There subtle music in the background until it cuts back.

"Well, if you reverse it, I SWEAR you can hear Leafy's voice. It's just I can't tell what she's saying..." Firey mumbles, flipping the drive around. He stops and looks around.

"I was gonna ask you if you had another laptop I could use? Like a more fancy one. I think the laptops we have aren't really good." He asks. I shake my head.

"No, but I'm pretty sure TB and GB would have one." I say, looking around for their factory. I gesture for him to follow me.

"Come on," I grab his arm and start heading towards the factory.

"Why are we running?" Firey asks, catching up to me.

"Because Golfball doesn't let ANYONE into her factory. Other than TB. I know she's usually taking an hour nap at this time, I read her sleep schedule. If we can sneak in...then we might find a good computer." I exclaim, looking at the drive Firey is holding, making sure he holds it tight.

I feel everybody giving us looks as we run like maniacs through Yoyle City. I pause, reaching the factory. I start to pant, tired. I look through a window, seeing Golfball sleeping in the main room.

"Damn it. Golfball is near the computer." I groan. Firey sighs and starts cussing Golfball out silently.

"What are you two doing?" A familiar voice asks. I turn to see Tennisball.

"Umm.." I mumble, looking at Firey for help. Firey nods and goes over to Tennisball.

"Tennisball! Would you look at that. I haven't seen you in forever!" Firey cheers, opening up to give Tennisball a hug. Tennisball just stares at Firey.

"Okay..." He pushes Firey's hands away from him. "So what are you doing here? GB doesn't like it when there's people here." Tennisball asks, crossing his arms. I sigh, walking up to Firey.

"Tennisball, do you remember Leafy?" I ask, Firey pushes me gently.

"What are you doing?" He asks me, through gritted teeth.

"Just trust me. I got this." I put a hand on his shoulder and whispered in his ear.

"Yeah...I think I remember." Tennisball says, frowning. "Not much though. I was told that I shouldn't really talk about her..." Tennisball looks at the window, pointing to Golfball.

"Well GB can't hear you. Listen Tennisball, we need your help." I plead. Tennisball nods, allowing me to continue.

"Leafy's dead. She's been dead for a while, and this drive right here —" I snatch the drive from Firey's hand. "This drive contains something that can help us figure out what happened to Leafy." I explain. Tennisball raises an eyebrow.

"Don't you have computers at home?" He asks.

"Yeah, but they aren't as good as yours. I can't make out any words from our computers." Firey explains, clasping his hands together. "*Please* Tennisball. From friend to friend."

Tennisball sighs, looking back at the window. "Fine. I'll distract Golfy for maybe an hour at best." He says, going inside the factory.

We watch from the window as he wakes Golfball up. They feud for a little before Golfball follows him. Tennisball Looks back and gives us a wink, signaling us to go in.

"Oh I love that guy." Firey grins as he opens the door. He walks inside and I close the door behind him.

"Okay we gotta work quick, TB said they'll be back in an hour, MAX." I exclaim, looking around for a computer. It's already turned on, thanks to Tennisball. I plug the drive in, waiting for the file to appear. I let Firey do the rest since he's the one that found it.

As he replays the part, I hear Leafy's voice. It really is her.

"Holy..." I mumble, still looking at the screen.

"Yeah it's freaky." Firey says, his eyes locked on the computer. "Damn it. It still sounds the same!"

"Here, let me try." I push Firey away with my hip. I extract the audio and look at the settings. I fiddle with the sound for a while, hoping the words get clearer. My eyes widen as the words become clear.

"Quick write that down." I order Firey. Firey panics and steals one of Golfball's pen and a sheet of paper. Once he's done, he takes the drive out and he rushes out of there, grabbing me by the arm.

"Let's go." He exclaims, seeing Golfball return already. "Your place is closer let's go there."

I nod, following him.

Leafy...?

Firey

I'm at Pins apartment, sitting on her bed. I hold the piece of paper in my hands, re-reading it. Pin is in her chair, spinning around in it.

"What do you think it means?" Pin asks, stopping to look at me. I shrug and hand Pin the piece of paper back.

"I dunno. It's just a bunch of numbers. It's not binary code, it has more than One's and Zero's." I say, flipping down on Pins bed. She continues to read the numbers out loud.

"091107091007" She says, groaning in confusion. "Firey are you sure this isn't just a pure coincidence?"

"No! It's not. Pin you've gotta believe me—there's more to this." I sit back up, pleading. Pin types the numbers into the search bar again.

"I think we should give this up. I mean there's nothing online about it! I'm sorry Firey." Pin mutters, giving me the paper. "We tried."

"But there has to be something Pin! What if this helps us figure out what happened to Leafy?" I plead again, practically begging. Pin sighs.

"Leafy's dead Firey. There's no way of getting her back, if we did figure this, what's the point? She's dead anyway." Pin explains, turning in her chair to look at me. She gives me an apologetic look.

"Oh." I breathe, standing up. "Well...thanks for your help. It was nice talking to you."

"I'm sorry Firey, I really am." Pin apologizes, opening the door for me. I give her a slight nod and walk out.

Maybe it all really is just a big coincidence. Leafy's dead, figuring this code out isn't going to help her. But the thought still lingers in my mind—could these numbers actually mean something? I read them over and over again, flipping them upside down, sideways. Nothing.

I feel myself bump into someone as I leave Pin's apartment.

"Oh I'm sorry—" I look down to see GB on the floor. I didn't mean knock her down like that. I help her up.

"Watch where you're going next time!" Golfball scolds before noticing the piece of paper on the ground. She picks it up and reads it, her face lighting up.

"Oh my factory! Firey I didn't know you were into Yoyle code!" She exclaims, looking at me joyful.

"What?"

"Yoyle code! This is Yoyle code..." She mumbles looking at me. "You don't know what that is?" She questions, frowning.

"No..." I reply, a little embarrassed.

"Whatever. I knew you were too stupid for this." Golfball scoffs before giving me the paper.

So this is a code. And Golfball might be the only way to figuring this out. Seriously...Golfball?

"Wait! Golfball." I call out. Golfball turns around, already looking pissed at me.

"What?"

"Can you understand this code?" I question, shoving the paper in her face.

"Yoyle code? Yes, but it might take some time. Why?" She explains, pushing the paper out of my face.

"Can you *please* decipher it? Please please PLEASE!" I beg, dropping

onto my knees. Golfball's eyes widen.

"Shut up! You're ruining my reputation." She mumbles, looking around. I scoff.

"You already have a pretty low one..." I mumble under my breath.

"Excuse me?" She exclaims, pissed off.

"Can you just please decipher this? It's really important. Besides! It'll make you smarter!" I exclaim, standing back up.

"Hmm..." She thinks for a little. "Okay. Fine, but I can't promise it'll be quick."

Golfball snatches the code from my hands and leaves. I smile to myself, I knew there was more to this. I start walking back to my house feeling more impatient. I really hope Golfball's able to crack it.

As I get closer to my house, I look up Yoyle Mountain. It wouldn't hurt to give Leafy a visit. I trudge through the snow, feeling cold all over. Once I'm at the top, I notice something strange.

There's snow covering the whole forest, but there's no snow around the grave. Almost like it's been melted off. A giant circle of grass is just there, replacing the snow. Either it's another coincidence or there's someone here.

"Hello?" I call out, my voice trembling a little. I look out into the forest, getting no response. I turn around, making sure I'm alone. As I turn back Leafy stands there—in the middle of the grass circle.

"Leafy!?" I exclaim, my voice breaking. As I blink, Leafy disappears. "Leafy...?" I mumble, completely breaking down. I feel my heart beat faster, blood pounding in my ears. I feel like I'm stuck, I can't move.

My hands tremble as I reach for my phone, there's only one person I can call. I go to Pin's contact as I keep an eye out for the grave. As soon as I call her, my phone dies. I curse under my breath as I continue standing there—feeling helpless. I keep staring at the grave until I've built up the courage to move.

I force myself to take a step, immediately running down hill. I stumble down the hill, hitting my leg and arm against stones. As I keep running down the hill, panting, I feel tears break through. *That couldn't have been Leafy. She's dead.*

Halfway down the Mountain, I see a bright orange glow, and smoke. A lot of smoke. Smoke clouds the entire city as there's something clearly on fire. I keep on running, faster. As soon as I make it down, I saw what caught on Fire.

My house.

My house!

I scream in horror as I watch everything burn. Only one side of the house is on fire, the other is still fine. I swallow hard, running inside the house, coughing immediately due to the smoke. I feel my eyes water due to the heat.

"Firey!" I hear someone yell outside. "Firey are you in there?" They shout louder. I ignore them, looking for my stuff. I see the drive on the ground, near the fire. I dive onto the ground, salvaging the drive. I feel the smoke getting closer and closer to me, blinding my vision. Hands grab my sides as I get dragged out.

"Firey damn it can you hear me?" A voice scolds. I look up to see Coiny dragging me. *Coiny? Ew!* But I have no choice but to let him help me. The smoke dawns on me as I black out, my body fully dropping to the ground.

Omga!! Fireys house BURNT ✕ ✕ ✕ 😩 Wonder who caused it!!! (Please ignore Fireys hosue is literally on fire he's a human in this book he's not acutal fire..)

Um I'm not really good at writing stuff so please please just ignore my writing....love you guys see you guys in the next chapter...maybe!

(The next chapter might like contain scenes where it might seem like it's Firey x Pin but it's not I'm sorry I don't ship FirePin!! They're strictly platonic!!)

FOLLOW MY OTHER ACCOUNT!! I HAVE A COINY X PIN FANFIC IM CURRENTLY WRITING ON THERE AND ITS MUCH BETTER!! : SashaWindings

Love y'all!!!!
-sashay!!

Visions

Pin

"Is Firey okay?" I mumble. Coiny groans as he drags Firey out of his house.

"I don't know...Pin can you help?" Coiny snaps at me, his arms getting weaker. I nod and help Coiny drag Firey. Once we pull Firey away from the fire, I kneel next to him.

"He seems fine...the smoke probably got to him." I mumble, checking his pulse. As I apply pressure onto his wrist, I notice something in his hand. *The drive.*

He probably went back inside just to save the drive. My eyes water a little as take the drive from his hand, turning it around to get a better look.

"Pin, you okay?" Coiny asks, kneeling down beside me. His voice is laced with concern as he places a comforting arm on my back, gently rubbing it in soothing circles.

I take a shaky breath, trying to steady my racing heart.

"Yeah. Yeah, I'm fine..." I mutter, my voice barely above a whisper. I shove the drive into my pocket, feeling its hard edges pressing against my leg.

I glance back at Firey's house. The flames are still raging, though they seem to be dying.

As I stare into the fire, something—or rather, someone—catches my eye. My breath hitches as I see Leafy standing in the flames. *Leafy?* She stands there, her figure clear despite the heat and chaos around her. A slight smile graces her face, calm and serene, as if the

fire is nothing more than a gentle breeze.

Tears well up in my eyes, not from the smoke but from the sight of Leafy. My heart aches with a mix of longing and disbelief. I blink, and just like that, she's gone, swallowed by the fire.

"Pin!" Coiny's urgent voice breaks through my daze. His eyes are wide with alarm as he looks at me, his hands gripping my shoulders. "I've been calling your name. Are you okay—you're crying..."

"I'm...fine," I murmur, though my voice betrays my uncertainty. I brush the tears away with the back of my hand, my gaze drifting back to the smoldering ruins of Firey's house. Was that real...?

The doubt gnaws at me, but I can't shake the feeling that what I saw was more than just a figment of my imagination. Leafy's presence, her smile—it felt so real, so vivid.

"You should get out of here. The smoke is clearly hurting you." Coiny says, helping me stand up.

"What about Firey? I can't just leave him alone." I protest, looking back at Firey's unconscious body. He looks so peaceful but so bothered at the same time.

"I'll stay here to make sure he's okay. I'll text when he's up. Go get some sleep, it's late anyway." Coiny explains, holding my hands. He looks back at Firey with a worried expression. "He'll be okay."

I swallow painfully. Coiny's right—the smoke is getting to me. I nod.

"Yeah. You're probably right. Just text me when he's up." I mumble, giving Coiny a small hug before leaving. I look back at Coiny as he kneels back down to check up on Firey.

As I walk through the dark city all alone, an icy gust of winter air whips around me, cutting through my clothes like a knife. I hug myself tightly, shivering as the cold seeps into my bones. The city is eerily silent, shadows loom large.

My mind races, a torrent of thoughts crashing against each other. How did Firey's house catch on fire? Is Firey okay? Will Coiny be

okay? The questions spiral in my head, feeding my growing anxiety. I quicken my pace, the sound of my footsteps echoing off the deserted buildings, amplifying my sense of isolation.

I can't shake the feeling that I'm being watched. My eyes dart nervously from side to side, scanning the shadows for any sign of movement. The cold air feels thicker, almost suffocating, as if it carries an unseen presence.

I take a deep breath, trying to calm my racing heart, but my thoughts turn darker. Did I really se*e Leafy?* She was just there, standing in the flames, her smile hauntingly serene. No, it can't be. She's dead. She's been dead for a long time.

Why would she come back now?

My breath comes out in ragged puffs, visible in the frigid air. I can almost hear Leafy's voice, faint and distant, carried on the wind. It's impossible, I tell myself, but the feeling of being watched grows stronger, more oppressive. The weight of unseen eyes presses down on me, making it hard to breathe.

It's okay Pin. Nobody is watching you. Leafy is dead. What you saw was your imagination.

I stumble, my foot catching on a cracked sidewalk, and I nearly fall. The jolt brings a fresh wave of panic, my heart pounding so hard it feels like it might burst from my chest.

But why am I just seeing her now?

The fear becomes too much to handle, and before I know it, I'm running. My footsteps echo loudly on the empty streets, each slap of my shoes against the pavement a desperate attempt to escape. Tears blur my vision, and my breath comes in short, uneven gasps. The cold air stings my lungs, but I don't slow down. I can't. The fear is too overwhelming.

"Pin!" A voice calls out, cutting through my panic. It's Needle. I see her standing at the end of the street, her face full of confusion and worry. "Pin, what's wrong?"

But I can't stop. I can't face her, can't explain the fear that's eating me up inside. Nobody remembers Leafy. She won't understand. The tears flow freely now, streaming down my face as I run past her, barely acknowledging her.

I just want to run away. Run away from this city. Run away from these haunting memories.

"Pin, wait!" Needle shouts, her voice echoing behind me. I hear her footsteps as she starts running after me, but I don't slow down.

Don't run away from me Pin.

My vision narrows, and all I see is the path ahead. My legs burn, muscles screaming in protest, but I push on, driven by the need to escape. The tears make it hard to see, and I stumble again, almost falling. But I catch myself, my breath coming in sobs now.

Leafy is dead. It was just the smoke getting to me...right?

"Pin!" Needle's shouts louder, "Please! What happened?"

I keep running, the world around me a blur of dark shapes and flickering lights. Needle's voice fades into the background, and all that remains is the sound of my own frantic breathing and the relentless pounding of my heart.

I keep running, not being able to control myself. As soon as I see my apartment, I feel myself relax. I roughly wipe the tears away as I open the door. I walk up the stairs, relaxing by the familiar sight of my home.

Leafy can't reach me here, right?

As I open the door to my room, I feel my phone ring. I walk into the room, sitting down on the couch collecting myself before pulling out my phone.

Coiny is face-timing me.

"Hello?" I mutter, my voice still shaking. Coiny sighs and gives me a worried look.

"Okay, you're alright. Needle said she saw you crying..." Coiny explains. My cheeks get warm.

"Oh. Uh, yeah...I'm fine. Now I am." I mumble, embarrassed.

"Well Firey is awake, he said he wants to talk with you." He explains, giving the phone to Firey. I feel my body relax as I see Firey, he's okay.

"Pin we need to talk, and I don't think it should be over the phone." He explains, his voice shaking a little.

"I'm sure it can't be that bad Firey..." I smile weakly. He sighs, a little frustrated.

"I saw Leafy."

Sorry if this chapter was a little weirder than the other ones ive been having a bad day so i just let it out on Pin

also!! if you guys have requested something for my one shot fanfic thingy i did see it!! i am working on them dont worry!! theyll be out by the end of this week or next week i swear.

i love you guys!! next chapter tomorrow maybe or later today!!

-sashay!!

New Home

Pin

Firey's on my couch, trying to collect himself. Coiny is in my kitchen, rummaging around, probably trying to make something to eat. I'm pacing around the couch, my nerves on edge.

"Firey, what do you mean you saw Leafy?" I exclaim, stopping in my tracks to look at him. Firey nods, his body slightly shaking.

"Pin, I'm not going crazy. I saw Leafy. She was at the grave!" Firey shouts, his voice tinged with desperation.

"I know. Firey, listen, this isn't good—I saw Leafy too," I explain, my pacing becoming more frantic. Firey's head perks up, and he sits up straighter on the couch, his eyes following my movement.

"You saw Leafy?" he shouts, his eyes wide. I nod, trying to collect myself, though my hands are trembling.

"She was in the fire. I-I don't know how to describe it," I mutter, sinking down on the couch next to Firey. I pull my knees up to my chest, dropping my head into my hands.

"I thought I was going crazy, Firey. I saw Leafy," I mumble under my breath, feeling my eyes well up with tears.

"I saw Leafy, then the fire happened..." Firey says, shifting uncomfortably on the couch. "This really can't be a coincidence."

"I can't do this anymore," I mutter, tears staining my jeans. I lift my head to look at Firey, my vision blurred. "Leafy's dead. This shouldn't be happening."

Firey's eyes well up too, his face mirroring my fear and confusion.

"I know, Pin. But... there's something more to Leafy's death," he mutters, his eyes filled with concern.

"Like what? What could possibly explain this?" I ask, my voice tinged with desperation. "Why is this happening now?"

"I don't know," Firey admits, his voice cracking. "But I can't shake the feeling that there's a reason. Maybe something we missed."

Just then, Coiny peeks his head through from the kitchen, trying to lighten the mood.

"Don't want to interrupt you guys but... do you want cookies? I can bake some," Coiny mumbles, a tentative smile on his face. I chuckle a little, brushing my tears away.

"Cookies would be nice, Coiny. Thank you," I say, and Firey nods in agreement. Coiny gives us a thumbs up before heading back into the kitchen.

"But why is she coming back now?" I question, turning back to Firey. He just shrugs, looking as lost as I feel.

"I don't know," he sighs, leaning back on the couch. "I saw something weird at the grave today."

I turn my head to look at him, curiosity piqued. "Yeah, you saw Leafy," I deadpan. Firey shakes his head, his expression more confused than ever.

"No, not that." He turns his head to look at me, eyes fogged with confusion. "It was... weird. There was snow everywhere, but it looked like the snow was melted at the grave. It was just a giant circle without any snow on it, you know? Like it had been melted with... fire," he explains, his eyes widening as he speaks.

"Fire," he repeats, sitting up. "Right after I saw that—and Leafy, my house caught on fire!"

"And I saw Leafy in the fire," I exclaim, turning my entire body to face him now.

"Pin—this is all connected, don't you see? The fire, Leafy. This is something bigger than Leafy's death. There's more to this," Firey says, his eyes lighting up as he starts making connections.

"Like what?" I ask, my voice trembling. "Leafy's dead—why are *we* both seeing her?"

Firey shakes his head, running a hand through his hair. "I don't know. Ugh, how do figure this out..."

"The code," I mumble, a realization dawning on me. "Firey! Do you still have the code?"

"You're right! The code—GB has it. Apparently, it's an actual code. She said she can figure it out," Firey says, his voice filled with hope.

"But what if it's something we don't want to find?" I whisper, the fear creeping back into my voice. "What if it's something terrible?"

Firey looks at me, his eyes filled with the same fear. "Well, we need to. We owe it to Leafy."

I hear a little ding from the kitchen and check the time. *It's already been 30 minutes?*

"Um... So these might be a little burnt, but they taste fine! I swear!" Coiny exclaims, coming out of the kitchen. He places the cookies down on the table with a sheepish grin. I take a quick second to notice Coiny's appearance. He has flour all over him, even in his hair.

"Thanks, Coiny," Firey mumbles, taking a cookie. I take one too and scoot over to make room for Coiny, who plops down next to me, scrolling through his phone as if trying to distract himself from the day's events.

"So... Pin," Firey clears his throat, looking a bit hesitant. "I was wondering if I could stay here for the night? I don't really have anywhere to go." He looks away, clearly embarrassed. I sigh, remembering Firey's house got burnt to a crisp.

"Yeah, sure. Sleep on the couch though," I say, trying to sound casual. "I'll get you a blanket and a pillow. As for your clothes... um, I guess

you can borrow some of my shirts. Just don't ruin them."

"I won't. Thank you, Pin, really," Firey smiles, biting into his cookie.

As night falls, Coiny heads out, giving us a little wave. "I'll see you guys tomorrow. Try to get some rest, okay?" he says, his voice gentle. I give Coiny a slight smile before he leaves.

Firey changes into some of my PJ's, which look a bit odd on him but he doesn't seem to mind. As I'm trying to sleep, I keep rolling around in bed, unable to get any. My thoughts keep racing back to Leafy. I saw her today—she's alive? But she's dead. She has to be.

I stare at the ceiling, my mind whirling with confusion. Maybe I am going crazy. Maybe Firey and I both are. But how could we both see the same thing? It doesn't make sense.

I get up and quietly make my way to the living room, where Firey is lying on the couch, staring at the ceiling as well. He turns his head when he hears me.

"Can't sleep either?" he asks softly.

"Nope," I reply, sitting down on the floor next to the couch. "I keep thinking about Leafy. It just doesn't add up."

Firey nods, his face serious. "I know. I've been thinking the same thing. It feels like there's something we're missing, something important."

We sit in silence for a moment, the only sound the occasional creak of the house settling.

"What do you think it is?" I ask, breaking the silence.

Firey looks thoughtful. "I don't know Pin—I don't want to know...what about you?"

I shrug. "I don't know. But maybe we can start by talking to GB tomorrow, see if she made any progress with the code. It's a long shot, but it's all we've got."

After almost another hour of talking, I head back to my room. Finally, I crawl back into bed, the exhaustion starting to catch up with me.

Good lord i am TIRED anyway i hit 600 subs on my channel!! □□

I GOT MY MOM TO WATCH BFDI 🎱 im tired tho.....i might not post a chapter this week, I have stuff to work on.....

ily guys!! thank you for 200 reads i love every single one of you guys!!

-sashay!!

Yoyle Needle

Pin

Firey and I are walking to his house—which recently got burnt. He's been living with me for the past week. Firey said he wants to go back to check if anything survived the fire.

Once we're there, I gasp slightly at the sight of his house. Well, what used to be his house. I left early, I didn't see the aftermath of the fire. But now I see it, everything is covered in black ash, staining the grass around it. Some walls are still up, most of them crumbled to pieces.

"Firey..." I breathe, feeling my heart twist at his expression. "I'm so sorry..." I mumble, placing a hand on his shoulder. Firey takes a deep breath before speaking.

"It's okay, we have the drive. That's all that matters." He mutters, giving me a weak smile. But his expression betrays that smile, his eyes are filled with sadness.

"Just stay here. I'm gonna check to see if anything's still useful." He exclaims, rushing over to the house. I sigh, sitting down.

I pull out my phone and start scrolling through it. Every now and then I would look up to check in on Firey. He's having trouble finding anything that survived the fire. The only thing he found was the photo of Leafy—which looked completely untouched. I thought it was strange, but Firey was glad he recovered *something*.

As I'm still sitting down, on my phone, I hear someone walk up behind me.

"Yikes." They exclaim. I look back to see Tennisball. He stares at Firey's house in shock and disbelief.

"Oh hi TB!" I greet. Tennisball looks down at me, eyes wide.

"What...what happened here?" He asks, slowly sitting down next to me. I continue scrolling through my phone as we speak.

"Oh, Firey's house got caught on fire." I explain. "He's okay, nobody got hurt."

"How'd that happened?" Tennisball asks. I take a deep breath, thinking. *How did it happen?*

"I don't know actually. Firey probably left the stove on or something." I explain, hoping he'll believe it.

"Okay...well what are you guys doing here then?" He questions. *He's asking too many questions.*

"Firey wanted to see if he could recover anything. He's had no luck so far." I say, turning off my phone. I shove it back into my pocket, the hard edges poking at me.

"So, what are you doing here?" I ask, looking at him. Tennisball's eyes are still fixated on Firey's house.

"I wanted to talk to Firey about something, but if he's busy I'll come back," Tennisball mumbles. Just as Tennisball stands up, Firey notices him.

"Yo Tennisball!" He calls for him. He rushed over to us and stumbles over some debris. As he makes his way to us, he places his hands on his hips.

"Watcha doing here? Sorry about the mess..." Firey chuckles, looking back at his house. Tennisball laughs with him, shaking his head.

"No, it's okay." He smiles. He pulls a piece of paper out of his pocket. "Golfball told me to give you this."

Firey's eyes light up as he snatches the paper from Tennisball's hands.

"No way! Thank you Tennisball! Tell GB thank you so much—and I owe her for this." Firey exclaims, jumping up and down excitedly. He

looks at me.

"Pin! This is the code from yesterday!" He says. *The code! I can't believe I forgot about that. I wonder what it says.* I stand up, walking over to Firey's side.

Tennisball waves us a goodbye and he leaves. I'm all huddled up next to Firey, waiting for him to open the paper.

"Come on! Just open it!" I exclaim. I see Firey's hands starting to tremble. He looks up at me, his eyes wide.

"I'm scared—what if it's something bad. What if it's something we're not meant to see? What if—"

I snatch the paper from his hands and open it. I read the letters out loud. *Y-O-Y-L-E-N-E-E-D-L-E.* I scoff, seriously?

"What does that spell...?" Firey asks, his eyes still wide.

"Firey that says Yoyle Needle. Seriously? That's it?" I question, turning the paper over hoping for more clues. *This is unbelievable—I mean seriously, Yoyle Needle? What's up with that.*

Firey takes the paper from my hands, reading it. All the fear leaves his body and he sighs.

"That's it?" He mutters. He groans and sits down, dropping his head in his hands.

"What does this even mean?" He mumbles in his hands. A pang of sympathy twists at my heart. I sit down next to him.

"Let's just go to the Yoyle Needle and figure it out? Maybe there's something there." I question, trying to cheer him up. Firey lifts his head up, pissed.

"Yeah, I would do that, but the Freesmarters are there. They'd never let us in!" Firey exclaims.

"Well, can't you like ask Match or something? Aren't you guys like siblings?" I question, shifting closer to Firey.

"Yeah, but she hates me. She hates you and me, *a lot.*" He deadpans. *Match REALLY hates me.*

"Nobody likes me from Freesmart." I mutter, chuckling a little. "I mean, maybe Ruby a little? We need to get someone they like,"

"I mean who do they like? I don't really talk with anyone there." Firey asks, mostly to himself.

"Firey you don't talk to anyone at all." I deadpan. Firey frowns. "Sorry."

"What about Needle? She could maybe try talking with them." Firey questions, raising his head to look at me.

"Maybe? We can try asking her, she probably won't mind." I say, pulling my phone out. I start dialing Needle's number, taking a deep breath as the phone rings.

"Hello? Pin?" Needle's voice breaks the silence. "Are you okay? You were crying—"

"Needle I need your help." I cut her off, feeling embarrassed. "Can you *please* go over to the Freesmarters and somehow distract them?" I plead. I hear Needle get quiet, then a sigh.

"What?"

"Like can you distract then? Get them out of the Yoyle Needle, an hour tops, *please?*" I beg, feeling stupid. Needle takes a deep breath.

"Okay, but you owe me." Needle says, ending the call. I grin looking at Firey who's also grinning.

"Let's go, it's a long walk from here," I help Firey up and we start heading towards the Yoyle Needle. We walk in silence, trying to make conversation once in a while. Needle texts me once we're good to go.

"Okay look for something, if you find anything—ANYTHING! Tell me." I say, walking inside. Firey nods and immediately starts looking for stuff.

I start heading upstairs, my legs growing tired from the endless amount of stairs. My legs are protesting all movements once I'm at the top. I sit down, taking a break. *Why are there so many stairs?*

Once I'm feeling more energized, I start walking around. I check every square inch, hoping to find something. I end up finding nothing, everything's normal. I sigh and walk up to the edge of the tower. I put my hands on the railing as I peer over.

Nausea hits me as I realize how high up I am. I take a deep breath, shoving the feeling back in my throat. I look all over Yoyle City, admiring the view. There's snow everywhere, covering building. As I look over to Yoyle Mountain, I notice there's barely any snow. Firey's house melted it all probably.

"Pin!" I hear Firey shout. "I think I found something!"

I rush back down the stairs, stumbling over some cracks on the way. I hop off the last couple steps and walk over to Firey.

"Yeah?" I pant, exhausted. Firey's standing in front of a door.

"I think there might be something in that door," He explains, gesturing to it.

"Then open it?" I deadpan, getting frustrated. Firey shakes his head.

"Can't. There's a lock." He says, pointing to the lock. There's four digits, all of them at 0.

"Try Leafy's birth year." I say. Firey nods as he kneels down to enter the code. He shakes his head. "Try her birthday?"

After almost 30 minutes of trying, we still haven't gotten through.

"2763?" I mumble, getting tired. Firey tries the code but it doesn't work. I groan, sitting down. I hear a loud noise come from my right.

"Intruders! We're being robbed!" Someone screams. I see Ruby at the door wide eyed.

"No Ruby—"

"Ew! There's a BOY!" Pencil shouts, pointing at Firey. His eyes go wide with fear,

"I'm not doing anything!" He exclaims, standing up.

"Hold on Pencil," Match says, pushing her aside. "Let me talk to him."

Match walks up to Firey and I, her hands on her hips. Her brows are furrowed, clearly pissed at us.

"What are you two doing here? Especially *you* Firey." She questions, eyeing Firey.

"Match it's not what it looks like! See we're trying to figure out the code for this lock and—" Firey gets cut off by a finger to his face.

"That lock has no code. It's pointless, you know what? I don't want to hear it. You two, OUT!" Match screams, pointing at the door.

Firey takes a deep breath and nods. He starts walking towards the door, looking back at me. I follow him outside, feeling hopeless. Match slams the door behind us, causing Firey to jump.

"So much for being a sister!" He shouts at the door. I pat his back, sighing.

"It's okay. We can come back another time. Just first we need to get 4-digit combinations." I say, looking at Firey. He looks at me, his eyes hopeless.

"Yeah, sure." He mumbles. I frown at his lack of energy.

"Let's go home, it's getting late anyway." I mutter, looking back at the Yoyle Needle. I watch the colors flash repeatedly.

Green, Purple, Pink, Yellow...over and over again. The same pattern.

So sorry this was a lazy chapter..and that it took longer than expected!! It's currently 5AM for me i havent slept im genuinely going insane

anyway enough with that!! ill be posting chapter 8 or 9 i forgot what number im on?? ill post it maybe in 1-3 days!! and thank you so much for 300 reads wowie ily guys

-sashay!!

Color Codes

Pin

Coiny and Firey are in my room. They're both on my bed and on their phones. Ever since I started talking to Coiny again, he's been spending most of his time with me. However with Firey, he has no choice but to stay with me. As those two are on my bed, minding their own business as I look out the window.

It's been almost a week since Firey and I were in the Yoyle Needle. Ever since then all I can focus is on it. I've been trying to figure out the code. As the sun sets, the colors keep flashing.

Green, Purple, Pink, Yellow.

Over and over again. The pattern gets burnt into my brain. It's only been these colors for the past week. *These past four colors. Four. Why four colors?*

"Okay, It's getting dark. I think I'll head back to my own room." Coiny breaks the hour long silence. I turn in my chair to face him.

"You're leaving already?" I question, frowning.

"Yeah Pin, I have stuff to do. See you tomorrow?" He explains, standing up. I sigh and nod. I give Coiny a small hug before sitting back down. As I hear him leave my place, I look back outside.

"Hey Firey?" I call out. Firey looks up from his phone to look at me.

"Yeah?"

"Don't you find it weird how the Yoyle Needle only flashes four colors?" I question, studying the tower. "I mean wasn't it rainbow?"

"I don't know, maybe it's some new Freesmart thing they're doing."

He shrugs. I sigh and look back outside. *Maybe I'm overthinking this.* I hear Firey put his phone down.

"Wait, four colors?" He asks. I look at Firey, his eyes wide.

"Yeah...? Why?" I question. Firey sits up, his eyes widening more.

"Pin! It's so obvious! Four colors, and the lock had four digits!" He exclaims, standing up. He rushes next to me and looks outside, peeking through the blinds. I open the blinds a little more so he can see better.

"But the code is 4 numbers, not 4 colors." I question, looking outside with him. He shakes his head.

"Yeah, obviously! But these colors are probably related to the code!" He exclaims. "Here, give a piece of paper."

I hand Firey paper and a pencil. He starts scribbling something down.

"Green, 5, Purple, 6. Pink, 4. Yellow, 6." He mumbles to himself. "The amount of letters in the colors might lead to the code? 5646." He explains, giving me the paper.

I take the paper and read the code. My eyes light up.

"Firey, you're a genius!" I exclaim. He smirks to himself.

"Yeah...I know." He chuckles. I roll my eyes at his pride. I look back out the window.

"Do you think we can sneak in? I mean the Freesmarters wouldn't actually sleep in the Yoyle Needle right?" I ask, lifting the blinds up a little. The colors continue to flash, the brightness blinding me.

"Pin we're not going to sneak in." Firey deadpans, looking at me.

"Why not?" I ask, frowning. Firey shakes his head, sighing.

"It's getting dark...and that's just wrong." He mutter. I roll my eyes and slump in my chair.

"Come on Firey...it's not even that bad. Do it for Leafy." I question, giving him a slight smile. His head perks up at Leafy's name.

"I mean, I guess." He says, frowning. "But I'm doing this for Leafy."

I smile and snatch the code off the table. I quickly slip on a coat, handing one of my own to Firey. The weather has been getting worse, snowstorms often hitting us. As Firey shrugs on the coat, we start heading out of the apartment. I flinch at the cold air hitting me as soon as we walk out. I look back at Firey who's already shaking.

We start heading towards the Yoyle Needle, the same flashing four colors guiding us. Once we're there, I grab the piece of paper and a hair-clip from my pocket.

"Do you know how to pick a lock?" I whisper, turning to Firey. Firey shakes his head, hugging himself trying to block out the cold. I groan.

"Me either." I mumble, walking towards the door. I kneel down and start playing with the lock. As soon as I twist the knob it opens. *Stupid Freesmarters left their door open.*

"I didn't even need this." I shove the hair-clip back into my pocket. I stand up, opening the door further. The inside is almost pitch black. I take my phone out and turn the flash on.

"Come on," I whisper, beckoning for him to follow me. As we walk inside, an unfamiliar feeling weighs me down. I push through it, trying to shove the feeling further down. Our footsteps echo off the walls, breaking the silence.

As we reach the locked door, I hand Firey my phone and tell him to point it at the lock. I search through my pockets looking for the code. My hands start shaking, what if it's something bad? What if it's something we're not supposed to see?

My fingers finally find the familiar paper and I pull it out.

5646.

I carefully put the code in, my fingers trembling. I shake the lock

a little, unlocking it. I sigh, relieved it worked, but what's on the other side of the door dreads upon me. I stand up, walking towards Firey.

"I don't wanna open the door," I whisper. Firey looks at me, his face pale from the cold, but he still manages to give me a warm smile.

"Do it for Leafy, remember?" He says, giving me a gentle push. I know he's only saying this because he doesn't want to go.

"I hate you..." I mumble, walking towards the door. I gently wrap my fingers around the knob, trembling. I slowly turn the knob, cracking the door open.

As soon as the door's fully open, a cold gush of air hits me. The room is completely pitch black.

"Let's go..." Firey mumbles, walking up to me. He uses my phone's flash to guide us. We walk into the room, the cold air getting colder and colder. We walk to the end of the room, only for there to be a small shadow.

"What is that?" I question, backing up. Firey points the phone at the object. The light shows a small rusted up shovel on the ground. I sigh, relived that it's nothing bad.

"A shovel?" Firey breathes, kneeling down. He picks the shovel up. Firey keeps talking but I'm focused on something else. Even though it's dark, I see writing on the wall.

"Hey Firey? Hand me the phone real quick..." I mutter, reaching my hand out for the phone. I feel the familiar shape in my hand, my eyes still focused on the wall. I point the flash at the wall.

In dark red ink, words are written all over the wall.

Don't be afraid. Dig me up.

Guys im so sorry this took 7 days ive been super unmotivated!! this chapter is by far the most crappiest ever!! Ive been so lazy im so sorry 😭 if anything i might discontinue this book because of how

late i post these chapters

BIG THANKS TO MY FRIEND FOR MAKING THE ART OF THE BANNER FOR THIS CHAPTER!!!!

i love you guys so much!!!!
-sashay!!

Dig me up

Firey

I'm dragging a shovel down the street. Pin is next to me, hugging herself. We just broke into the Yoyle Needle, hoping to find something. Messages were written all over the wall. *Don't be afraid. Dig me up.*

Pin keeps insisting that we need to dig Leafy up, that it's the only way to figure things out.

"Firey—"

"We're *not* digging her up Pin." I deadpan, cutting her off. Pin immediately becomes quiet, looking back down. We continue walking in silence, the sound of the shovel scraping the concrete loud. As soon as I start feeling bad, Pin speaks up.

"But the messages on the wall? It said—"

"I know what it said!" I snap, turning to look at Pin. Her eyes are wide, filled with fear and worry. I mirror her expression, trying to hide it.

"I don't care what the messages say, we're not digging her up."

"But the shovel, Firey, we *have* to." Pin urges. I know she's right. I know in order to know what happen we have to dig her up. But I can't stand the thought of digging her up. Leafy's body, her dead fragile body—being dug up by us.

"Pin I said no. I'm not digging her up, you're not either. Nobody is." I firmly say, sticking with my choice. I hear Pin sigh loudly, accepting my decision.

"Okay." She mumbles, her hand hanging low. We continue walking towards the apartments, a sense of defeat dreading down on us. We make it back to our apartment, exhausted. Pin's quiet the entire ride up the elevator, fiddling with her hands. Once we're upstairs, she walks into her room and stays there. I hear some shuffling before silence.

I sit down on the couch, holding the shovel in my hands. I flip it over a couple times, studying the outside. I trace my thumb over the rough edges of the shovel. The metal is beaten up and all rusted up.

I don't want to see Leafy dead. That's just wrong, but is it wrong if that's what we're meant to do?

"I miss you Leafy." I mumble to myself, placing the shovel on the ground. I lay back down on the couch, staring at the ceiling. My heart starts beating fast as I think of all the possibilities. *What if we dig her up, what's going to happen? What am I gonna find? What if I don't dig her up? What's gonna happen then?*

My eyelids slowly get heavy as I keep thinking. *Is this what Leafy wants?*

—

It's been two days since we found the shovel, Pin keeps insisting we use it. Other than that, Pin and I haven't talked much. We pretty much gave up on the whole Leafy thing. I want to continue, but I can't bring myself to. Everything's been normal for years, why should it change now?

I hear knocking on the door. I groan as I sit up, heading towards the door. I unlock the door, assuming it's Pin.

"Oh," Coiny mumbles when he sees it's me. Coiny's been nicer to me ever since my house burnt down, and that I've started to live with Pin. Coiny peers over my shoulder.

"Is Pin here?" He questions, fiddling with his hands as he speaks.

"No. I thought she was with you?" I ask, opening the door wider. I step aside for Coiny to enter. As he walks inside, he continues talking.

"No, I thought she would be with you." Coiny says, going over to sit on the couch. I continue standing by the door.

What if she's at the grave? What if shes digging Leafy up?

"Firey!" I hear screaming from outside the door. Pin is running through the hallway, clutching her bag. She pauses at the door, panting.

"Firey, you wont believe what I just heard—oh, hi Coiny," Pin mumbles, giving a weak smile. She continues to catch her breath as she walks inside. She flops down on the couch, sitting next to Coiny.

"So what'd you hear?" I question, closing the door. Pin takes a deep breath, trying to collect herself.

"It's about Leafy," Pin starts, glancing over at Coiny. Coiny's heard all about our plans about Leafy, he basically knows everything, but he just thinks we're silly. He's used to our chit chats about Leafy and just usually ignores them.

"I think other people can see Leafy, just listen. I was talking to this person—her name was Gaty. She said she saw Leafy," She explains. I walk over to the kitchen, leaning forward on the counter. I stare at Pin, giving her a strange look.

"Other people can see Leafy..." I question, tilting my head. Pin shakes her head.

"No, well yeah, just listen. Gaty said she was seeing this girl. I asked her to describe her, the description sounded exactly like Leafy!" Pin pleads, her voice becoming more urgent.

"There's probably a lot of people that look like Leafy," I say, trying to shut Pin up. She knows were past this already.

"Name one person that looks like Leafy." Pin said, frowning. I think for a little before sighing.

"Pin, were over this. Leafys dead, stop trying," I mutter, groaning. Pin frowns, staying quiet.

"Ouch," Coiny mutters under his breath. Pin lightly smacks Coiny.

"How do we know for sure she's dead?" Pin urges, her voice pleading.

"Who else is the grave for?" I exclaim. Pin shakes her head.

"But do you know for sure? I mean—the shovel! We haven't actually dug up her body, how can we be completely sure—"

"I'm leaving." I say, putting my phone in my pocket.

"What? Where are you going?" She asks, standing up.

"Away from you, I told you countless times I don't want to hear shit about Leafy." As I walk towards the door, Pin stands by the couch.

"But Firey, Leafy was your friend. Don't you want to at least know what happened to her?" Pin asks, her voice softly breaking. I look back at her seeing her standing there helplessly. Coiny continues to sit on the couch, watching both of us with an intrigued expression.

"She's dead, does it really matter now?" I exclaim, leaving the room. Pin doesn't follow me, instead she closes the door, annoyed.

There's only one place I can go now.

—

Once I'm at the grave, the sun starts setting. My phones almost dead, with little to no signal. I gently sit down on the grass, all wet from the snow. I stare at the grave, memorizing each detail.

"Pin's crazy, she doesn't know what she's talking about. I know you're dead, I won't dig you up. I would never." I mumble. I start picking at the dirt when I hear no response. I continue playing with some of the dirt until my hands get all dirty. I brush them on my pants.

"You don't mind if I sleep here do you? My house is gone and I kinda left Pin's apartment." I mutter.

I start falling asleep, tired from everything. Snow starts to fall, building up slowly.

I start to hear a familiar voice, one I haven't heard in a while. Her voice gets closer, almost like a soft whisper getting closer to your ear.

"Firey?"

Guys this was the laziest chapter ive ever written in my life im so sorry □ its super shitty and bad im genuinely so sorry, I havent uploaded in like a week and a half im so sorry

BUT THANK YOU GUYS SO MUCH FOR 1K READS?? I LOVE YOU GUYS!!

-sashay!!

Voices

Pin

Firey stormed out of my apartment, leaving Coiny and I alone. I stand by the door, my mind racing with thoughts. *Can't Firey just hear me out?*

"What's his problem?" Coiny questions, looking at me. I look back at the door before sitting down on the couch.

"I fucking hate him." I mumble, dragging my hands over my face. Coiny giggles.

"I'm the one who hates him remember?" He says, pushing me slighty. I give him a stern look, piping him down.

"No, it's not that...just I wish Firey would listen to me. Anytime I bring up Leafy he just shuts me out." I mumble, crossing my arms.

"What if you just dig up the grave by yourself? I don't really know anything about Leafy, but if it really means that much to you then you should do it." Coiny suggests, giving me a slight smile.

I sigh, sinking further into the couch. Coiny continues looking at me.

"You don't get it Coiny, I've tried, trust me. I just...can't. Not without Firey. He was the closest to Leafy, it just feels wrong." I explain, looking away.

Just dig me up, Pin... it's fine.

My head shoots up as soon as I hear her voice. Leafy. Clear as day, echoing in my mind. My heart skips a beat, and I feel a chill run down my spine.

"Yeah but, aren't you mad at Firey right now? Use it as fuel to dig up

her grave." Coiny says. I nod quickly, my hands start to tremble slightly.

"Yeah, uh huh. It still feels wrong," I say, my voice sounding more normal than I feel.

Dig me up Pin.

I flinch, my breath catching in my throat. My mind races, trying to make sense of it. She's dead. How can I be hearing her?

"Pin?" Coiny's voice brings me back, his faced laced with concern. "You...okay?"

I force a smile, trying to steady my nerves. "Yeah, sorry go on."

He hesitates, still looking worried, but he continues to talk. I nod along, but my mind is elsewhere. I can still hear her voice, faint but clear, like she's right next to me. My heart is pounding, and I feel a cold sweat forming on my forehead.

Just dig me up, Pin.

I glance around the room, half-expecting to see Leafy standing there, but it's just me and Coiny. I swallow hard, trying to push the voice out of my head.

Coiny's words blur into the background as I struggle to focus. I take a deep breath, trying to calm the growing fear inside me. Maybe it's just the stress, the exhaustion. I close my eyes for a moment, willing the voice to go away.

When I open them, Coiny is looking at me, his brow furrowed. "Pin, if something's bothering you, you can talk to me."

I stare at Coiny for a little, debating if I should tell him anything. I feel myself shift under his gaze.

"It's nothing." I mumble, trying to brush it off.

"I know you well enough to know it's more than nothing, talk to me." Coiny urges, giving me his full attention. I continue looking at him,

searching his eyes for help. He'd think I'm going crazy. Maybe I am crazy.

"It's about Leafy, you wouldn't understand." I say, bringing my knees up, hugging them. He sighs, looking away.

"I most likely won't, but you can still tell me, I'll listen." Coiny says, giving me a weak smile. I take a deep breath.

"So you know how Firey and Gaty have been seeing Leafy? I have been too. I know I sound crazy, but I've been hearing her. Shes telling me to dig her up Coiny. I've been trying to tell Firey, he just doesn't want to listen. I genuinely think I might be going insane. She's dead —I shouldn't be hearing her..." I mumble, dropping my head. I feel my voice break, and my eyes start to water and I completely break down in front of Coiny.

I suddenly break down, tears streaming down my face as I cover it with my hands. "I don't know what's happening to me. I feel like I'm losing my mind. Every day, it's like she's right here, whispering in my head, and I can't get away from it. I keep telling myself I'm okay, but I'm not. I'm really not."

"Pin—"

"I can't stop hearing her voice, and it's driving me insane. I don't even know how to explain it. I think I'm going crazy."

I take a ragged breath, still crying uncontrollably. "I'm scared, Coiny. I'm really scared. I don't know how to make it stop. I feel like I'm at the edge of losing it completely."

Coiny continues looking at me, his eyes etched with concern. His mouth is barely open, a mixture of shock and at a loss for words.

"I'm sorry, I really shouldn't dump this on you." I mumble, looking away. I use my arms to wipe my eyes. Coiny continues looking at me, worried.

"That's...a lot." Coiny nods slowly, speaking up. I immediately feel embarrassed from everything.

"I'm sorry." I feel a profound sense of isolation, like I've revealed a part of myself that makes me even more alone. Coiny's worried gaze only heightens my sense of regret.

We sit there in silence for minutes, awkwardly. Coiny keeps trying to talk but he stops himself every time. After almost 10 minutes of complete silence, Coiny finally speaks up.

"Pin, I really wish I understood what's happening. I really do, I would love to help, but I just can't. I know you're mad at Firey, but he might be the only one who understands. I think you should really talk to him about this." Coiny explains, sitting up straight.

"Yeah...I'll try." I mumble, trying to avoid eye contact. I feel Coiny scoot closer to me, our shoulders almost touching.

"Hey, if it helps do you want me to spend the night? I'm not doing anything anyway, it might help if you have some company." Coiny asks, looking up at me.

"Yeah, sure." I mutter, trying to give him smile but failing. He probably thinks way differently of me now, like I'm just some crazy freak. Maybe I am a crazy freak.

This was made in like two hours it was a little rushed but this chapter is supposed to mainly focus on Coiny and Pin's relationship. Im sorry if you guys didnt like it next chapter will make up for it..kinda!!

The next chapter will contain really dark subjects just wanna warn y'all!!

-sashay!!

FreeSuiciders

THIS CHAPTER CONTAINS SUICIDE!!

Pin

I'm in my bed, gently waking up. I sit up to check the time, 5PM. *I slept in bad.* The memories of last night flood back into my head, the way I opened up to Coiny. The way he listened the entire time. The fact he spent the night with me wishing he could help. I feel myself blush a little at his thoughtfulness.

Where is Coiny?

I'm jolted awake fully by a loud scream from outside. It takes me a second to realize it's Pencil, and I immediately sit up, my heart racing. The scream dies down quickly, leaving a weird silence.

I stumble out of bed, feeling a bit disoriented. The apartment is eerily quiet, and I'm starting to get a little freaked out. I shuffle into the living room and spot Coiny standing by the kitchen counter, staring at his phone.

"Pin! You're awake," Coiny exclaims, turning off his phone.

"Yeah, what the fuck was that outside? I ask.

"What was what?" He asks, a little confused. Then I hear another scream. This one is higher pitched, *Match.*

"That." I exclaim. Coiny hears the scream and his eyes widen.

"Was that Match?" Coiny asks, peeking out the window.

"Yeah, and Pencil." I say, walking over to the door. I slip on my shoes, waiting for Coiny. "Are you gonna go see what it was or..."

"Yeah..." Coiny mumbles hurrying to my side. He slips on his shoes and follows me outside.

As we walk down the hall, the building feels too quiet. I glance at Coiny, who looks just as worried as I am. I feel embarrassed, remembering how I was a sobbing mess to him yesterday.

"Do you think something's wrong?" Coiny asks, his voice low.

"I don't know," I reply, my voice tight. "Match and Pencil always freak out about something I'm sure it's fine."

We head outside, the cool winter air hitting us. I hear more screaming coming from the Yoyle Needle. As we head over in the direction of the screams, I feel a sense of dread coming over me.

I try to tell myself it's probably just a false alarm, something that will turn out to be less serious than it sounds. But deep down, I know that's just a hopeful thought. The fear is real, and it feels like a heavy weight in my chest.

The idea that we might be walking into a scene of chaos or disaster makes my stomach churn. I can't help but imagine the worst-case scenarios, each one more terrifying than the last.

Coiny is beside me, his presence a small comfort in the midst of this growing unease. He tries to keep the mood light, but I can see the worry in his eyes. I see Match crying from a distance and Pencil hugging her. As we're almost there, the sun starts setting. It's still bright enough to see where we're going.

A sense of doom washes over me as we reach them.

"Book, what's happening?" I ask, my voice urgent and shaking. Book's eyes are rimmed with tears, and her face is pale as she tries to form words.

"Ruby... she's dead," Book manages to choke out, her voice cracking under the weight of her grief. "She fucking killed herself!" Her exclamation is raw, filled with anguish.

My heart sinks into my stomach. *What?*

"Oh my Mint..." Coiny's voice trails off as he looks up, his eyes wide with horror. The change in his breathing is unnerving, each gasp more frantic than the last.

I follow Coiny's gaze upward, my blood running cold. There, hanging from the ledge of the Yoyle Needle, is a shadow. Ruby. It's Ruby, lifeless and suspended in the air. The sight is chilling, the reality of it sinking in like a heavy weight on my chest.

My mind races, trying to process the scene before me. The screams, the panic—everything falls into a nightmarish focus. I can't tear my eyes away from the horrifying image. The world feels like it's spinning, and I'm left standing there, paralyzed by the sheer terror of what I'm seeing.

The sight of Ruby's lifeless body hanging there is searing into my mind. My chest tightens, and I can barely breathe. My heart pounds in my ears, each beat echoing with dread. I'm frozen, unable to move, as if my feet are glued to the ground.

I feel a cold sweat forming on my forehead. This isn't real. It can't be real. My thoughts are racing, and they're so chaotic that I can't grasp onto any one idea.

Then, amidst the terror, I see her. Leafy. She's standing on the ledge of the Yoyle Needle, her figure outlined against the sky. Her presence is ethereal and chilling, like a ghost from my worst nightmares. Her gaze is fixed on me, and she seems almost calm, as if she's watching my reaction with a morbid curiosity.

I hear her voice, faint but unmistakable, whispering through the chaos. "She couldn't handle it Pin."

I stagger back a step, my mind reeling. I can't get the image of Ruby out of my head, and now Leafy's voice is making it worse. Why is this happening? Why is Leafy's voice haunting me now, of all times? My thoughts spiral into a void of fear and confusion.

I want to scream, to run away, but I'm paralyzed by the horror. Ruby's hanging there, and Leafy's ghostly whispers are weaving through my panic. The air feels thick and suffocating, each breath a

struggle against the overwhelming sense of dread.

Leafy's voice continues, her tone cold and unsettling. "You're not the only one, Pin. We're all falling apart..."

Coiny's voice fades into the background as he tries to make sense of what's happening. I hear his panicked words but can't focus on them. I can only think about how close we all are to falling apart. How close am I to losing it completely?

I feel someone pulling me away from the chaos. Coiny's voice cuts through my spiraling thoughts, laced with concern.

"Pin," he says urgently, his voice trembling slightly. I blink, trying to focus on him through my haze of panic. My breaths are coming in ragged gasps, and I can barely make sense of what's happening around me.

"Pin, you should get out of here," Coiny insists, holding both of my hands tightly. "You're not okay. Especially not after yesterday. You should go home."

I stare at him, caught between the urge to run and the desperate need to stay and understand what's happening. The sight of Ruby's lifeless body and the ghostly image of Leafy hovering nearby have left me disoriented.

My hands tremble in his grip, and I feel tears prickling at the corners of my eyes. The mixture of Ruby's suicide and Leafy is catching up to me.

"Pin, please," he urges, his voice softening but still firm. "You're in shock. This isn't good for you. You need to go home and take care of yourself." Coiny mumbles, reaching over to kiss my cheek.

I want to react to the kiss, but I can't. I can't speak, I can't think, I can't move. The touch lingers on my skin, but my mind is trapped in a whirlwind of fear and confusion.

A cold breeze cuts through the air, making me shiver. I look up slowly, my heart racing in my chest.

There she is. Leafy. Her ghostly figure stands at the edge of the Yoyle Needle, her eyes dark and hollow. The sight of her is so intense, it feels like she's reaching out to me, her sorrow seeping into my very bones.

Leafy's gaze is fixed on me, and I hear her voice again, sharper and more insistent. "Pin... Dig me up. Why won't you help me?"

The words cut through me, paralyzing me with fear. My legs tremble, and tears well up in my eyes. I can't breathe, can't think, can't move. The image of Leafy, combined with her voice echoing in my mind, makes my head spin.

"Please don't leave me..."

The ground beneath me seems to sway, and my vision dims. My breathing becomes ragged, my heart pounding painfully in my chest. I'm struggling to stay upright, my body on the verge of giving in to the sheer terror that has taken over.

The boundary between reality and hallucination blurs, and the darkness of Leafy's figure becomes overwhelming. Her ghostly presence seems to consume everything around me.

The last thing I remember before everything fades to black is the echo of Leafy's voice, merging with my own cries of fear and despair. My body finally gives in, collapsing to the ground as I lose consciousness, the world around me spiraling into darkness.

Sorry to all the Ruby fans out there 🙈🙈

Anyway this chapter is called FreeSuiciders cause FreeSmart!! And ruby was in FreeSmart and she killed herself!! Sorry its not that funny

Guys i feel like this chapter was way too much and it was all crammed into one little chapter so if any of you guys have questions that wont spoil anything feel free to ask!!!

-sashay!!

Two graves

This chapter contains a shit ton of mentions from last chapters suicide!!

Book

Pencil and Match's screams woke up the entire city. In less than an hour everyone found out about Ruby's gut wrenching suicide. Nobody knows what the cause was yet, everyones still grieving. I was one of the first to know. I watched everyone's reactions. Some cried, *most cried.* Some just stood there in shock, and some laughed.

Pin's reaction stood out to me. She was the only one who passed out. Match and Pencil were really upset, but they didn't pass out. I think there was more to Pin's reaction then just Ruby's death. She was scared, like she knew something we didn't. I don't know how Pin's doing. I don't even know if Pin's okay.

Ruby's body was lowered and buried by us Freesmarters. Bubble and Icy are still at the grave while Match and Pencil are grieving in their room. I'm sitting on the couch, trying to figure what happen.

Ruby was energetic and always happy, what suddenly changed? Her mood slowly declined as she stopped coming out of her room. Whenever we saw her, she looked stressed. We never asked her what was happening, we we're too scared to.

"Hey were home." Bubble's voice drags me from my thoughts. Icy is quiet, her face stained with tears.

"Hey..." I greet, giving them a weak smile. Bubble doesn't smile back and sits down on the couch. Ice cube goes to her room, locking the door.

Bubble sighs, wiping her face with her hands.

"So...what are you doing alone?" She asks, turning towards me.

"Nothing. I was just thinking." I mumble, barely above a whisper. Bubble nods along, hugging herself.

"About Ruby?"

"Yeah." I nod, my eyes watering up. "I was just wondering why she would kill herself. It's not like Ruby."

"It's not like her at all." Bubble mumbles, frowning. "Did she ever talk to you?" She questions. I shake my head.

"She talked to me as much as she talked to you guys. She just wanted to be in her room all day." I reply, sinking into the couch. I close my eyes, remembering our last reaction.

"Ruby?" I mumble, knocking on her door. "Ruby are you okay? You haven't come out in days...we're getting worried."

"Go away!" She screams, her voice loud but scratchy. "I don't want to talk to you!"

"Ruby please!" Bubble pleads, knocking on the door louder. "Please come out and talk to us!"

"I said go!" She shouts, throwing something at the door. Bubble and I flinch at the noise.

"Let me handle this." Pencil groans, pushing us aside.

"Ruby open the fucking door, you're acting like a literal child right now. Open it or I'll open it myself!" Pencil orders, shaking the door knob. The room goes silent, then the doorknob twists open.

Ruby opens the door a little bit, barely peering through. Her hair is messy, her clothes barely fit her as she hasn't been eating. I barely recognize her.

"What do you want." She mumbles, holding the doorknob.

"Ruby we just want to help—" Pencil starts. Ruby cuts her off.

"I don't need any help!" She shouts.

"Yeah! You need mental help look at you!" Pencil shouts back. Ruby slams the door in her face, cussing her out.

"Wow nice going Pencil. You really handled it well." Match mumbles, walking away.

"I wish she would've just talked to us. We could've helped." Bubble says, making me lose my thoughts.

"We tried damn it! She didn't want to talk to me." Pencil chimes in, walking out of her room. She gently closes the door.

"Because you told her she needed mental help!" Bubble shouts, turning around in the couch.

"She did! Anyway hi Book." Pencil groans, heading over to the kitchen. She gets a pot of water and turns the stove on.

"What are you doing up so late?" I ask, watching her.

"Same reason as you, Ruby." She says, jumping up on the counter. She gets on her phone. "I'm gonna make some tea for Match. She's taken Ruby's death badly."

"I think we all did." I mumble.

"Not Blocky. He just laughed." Pencil mumbles to herself. "Anyway I'm gonna stay here for now, can't have you guys killing yourselves too."

"Pencil!" Bubble shouts.

"What? I'm being serious! Match already tried killing herself. *Twice!*" Pencil snaps back at Bubble.

"Oh my word! Go check up on her! Don't just leave her all alone!" I exclaim. Pencil waves her hand to dismiss it.

"She'll be fine. I told her if she killed herself then I would burn all her clothes." She says. Bubble stares at Pencil.

"And you really think thats going to stop her?" She shouts.

"Yeah actually. She got on her knees and started crying, promising she wouldn't." Pencil explains, scrolling on her phone.

"Damn it Pencil." I mumble. I turn back to Bubble, ignoring Pencil.

"I want to find out what happened to Ruby. I feel like it's the only thing we can do." I explain to Bubble. She nods her head, looking over at Ruby's room. Her door is wide open, revealing everything.

"Her room might be a good place." Bubble says, standing up. I follow Bubble to Ruby's room.

"Ruby wouldn't like you being in her room you know!" Pencil shouts from the kitchen.

"Ruby's dead!" Bubble shouts back, her voice harsh.

"I hope Ruby's ghost haunts you!" Pencil says before Bubble slams the door, closing us in.

Ruby's room is a giant mess, her clothes are scattered everywhere. I gently sit on her bed, looking around. Bubble is picking up her clothes and folding them up.

"What are you doing?" I ask, watching Bubble.

"Cleaning Ruby's room. I don't like messy rooms." She replies, hanging the clothes in her closet. I look back on the ground, a distinct book catching my attention. I pick it up, flipping through the pages.

This is her diary, her diary! Maybe this can help up. I flip through the pages, reading small snippets of them.

December 1st,
It's finally December! I can't wait until Christmas. I got everyone gifts already...

December 2nd,
We almost got robbed! Firey and Pin broke into our place! Well they

didn't try robbing us, but still! I don't like Pin or Firey...

December 4th,
Sorry I skipped a day! Something really weird happened yesterday. It was strange, I saw this girl in my room. She looked oddly familiar. I think I was still waking up because when I blinked she was gone!

December 7th,
I've been seeing her again lately. She's been appearing more often. Not just in my dreams or room, I'm starting to see her everywhere. She keeps following me. She also keeps talking about a grave. I might be going insane lol.

As I read through these pages, I start to get worried.

"Bubble? I found Ruby's diary. I think we all need to see it." I say, closing the diary. Bubble nods and finishes up cleaning up. As we walk back to the living room, I see Match awake. Her hair is messy, her mascara still all over her face. She's leaning on Pencil, her eyes barely open.

"Oh hi Match, you...doing okay?" I ask, setting the diary down on the counter. She nods a little, rubbing her eyes.

"Yeah...just had a nightmare. Couldn't go back to sleep." She mumbles, groaning. Pencil gently kisses her forehead, rubbing her back.

"Well, I found something, it's Ruby's diary. I know it's her stuff, but it might help us figure out what happened." I explain, looking back at the book.

Pencil looks and Match and she nods.

"Yeah..sure." Match mumbles, jumping off the counter. Pencil follows behind her. As we sit on the floor, making a little circle around the diary, I speak up.

"What about Icy?" I ask, looking back at her room.

"Leave her alone, she was having a rough time when we were at the grave." Bubble says.

"She better not kill herself." Pencil mumbles. Match nudges Pencil, telling her to shut up.

As we look through the diary, Ruby's hand writing noticeably gets worse.

"December 9th, I keep seeing her. She said her name was Leafy. She keeps talking to me. She won't leave me alone, no matter how much I ask her to." I read out loud, sitting on the ground. Match is leaning on Pencil, hugging her. Bubble is laying down next to me, reading along.

"Who's Leafy?" Match asks. Bubble tries to say something but doesn't.

"I don't know, I told you she needed mental help." Pencil says.

I roll my eyes and keep reading.

"She keeps asking about Firey. 'Firey doesn't want to help me.' 'Firey isn't listening.' She won't shut up about him. She's starting to drive me crazy." I finish. We all look at Match, who looks confused.

"What the fuck does my brother have to do with this?" She shouts, taking the diary and re-reading it.

"What the fuck does he have to do with Leafy?" Pencil asks. I snatch the diary from Match and continue reading.

"December 14th, I can't keep doing this. She's always here. I can't escape her. The rest of the Freesmarters keep asking me whats wrong. I can't tell them anything without lashing out. I hate Leafy, she wont leave me alone. She's starting to talk about Pin now. I don't know why Pin is apart of this." I read. The others look confused, but Pencil looks pissed.

"What does that stupid fucking shit face have anything to do with Ruby?" She shouts.

I knew there was something more to Pin's reaction then Ruby's death. She knows something, but does Firey?

"I'm growing sick of these people. Does anyone have Pin's number?

I wanna give her a little call." Pencil asks, grabbing her phone. Match takes her phone away from Pencil, setting it down.

"Calm down, wait until Book's done reading." Match mumbles, nodding for me to continue.

"December 16th. I don't know how to start this. I feel like I'm losing my mind. It's Leafy. She's everywhere. Every time I close my eyes, she's there, staring at me. I can't escape her. I don't know if she's real or if I'm just going insane, but I can't take it anymore." I start.

"She whispers to me. All the time. Telling me things I don't want to hear. Things that make me doubt myself, make me scared. I try to ignore her, but the whispers won't stop. They're in my head, and I can't shut them out."

"I see her shadow in the corners of my room. I feel her presence when I'm alone. It's like she's haunting me. I don't know what to do. I'm so tired. So scared. I can't tell anyone because they won't believe me. They'll think I'm crazy. Maybe I am."

"I'm sorry. I can't take it anymore. I can't keep doing this. I just want it to stop. I just want to be free of her. I thought I was stronger than this, but I'm not. I'm so, so sorry. I wish things were different. I wish I could stay."

"But I can't. Not like this. Not with her always there, always watching. I need peace. I need to be free. Please forgive me. Signing off, Ruby." I finish, feeling my heart break. My voice quivers as I continue.

"That was the last page." I mumble, closing the diary. I push it in the middle of the circle, wanting to get far away from it as possible. Match is crying again, Pencil is silently comforting her. Bubble is silent, staring at the diary.

"She killed herself because she was hearing voices. Sounds like a movie plot." Pencil chuckles to herself.

"Pencil!" Match cries out.

"What? It's true! She killed herself over nothing!" Pencil says, trying

to defend herself.

"Pencil I've fucking had it with you!" Bubble shouts, standing up. "You keep talking about Ruby's death as it's some sort of joke!"

"Because it was! Just because she was going crazy doesn't mean she had to kill herself!" Pencil shouts back, standing up too.

"Well now she's fucking dead! Your damn attitude towards this is probably what got her all messed up! You were never there for her! *We* were! Whenever we were close to helping her out, you had to swoop in and ruin it all!" Bubble shouts, tearing up.

"It wasn't my fault! If you actually were able to understand things it was Leafy! I don't know who the fuck Leafy is! Why am I apart of this!" Pencil screams, crossing her arms.

"Oh my bubble blower Pencil! Are you fucking stupid? How inconsiderate can you be?" Bubble says, sobbing. I watch them continue to argue, yelling back and forth at each other. My ears start to hurt as they wont shut up. Match is sobbing, her head buried in her knees.

I feel my eyes start to tear up from all the chaos and noise. I cover my ears, trying to block out their arguing.

I didn't mean to cause this much trouble book. I never meant for Ruby to kill herself...

My heartbeat starts to get fast as I hear her. Undoubtedly that's Leafy, but why is she so familiar? It feels like I've heard this voice before, like I know her. I tell myself I should be freaking out, but I find myself comforted by her voice.

Maybe you should stop the fight before it gets too late. Pencil might reach her breaking point. You know she acts on her thoughts...what if one of them caused Bubble danger?

Leafy's voice fades out. I feel myself relax under her voice. I open my eyes and stand up, walking over to the two.

"Can you guys stop?" I shout, pushing Pencil gently. "You're making

this worse!" I say, gesturing over at Match who's still a sobbing mess. Pencil's expression softens a little as she kneels down in front of Match. I turn back to face Bubble, her face covered in tears.

"Go to your room, try getting some sleep. I'll deal with Pencil, just don't stress about today." I mumble, giving Bubble a slight hug before she heads off. As Bubble locked herself in her room, I turn back to face Pencil.

"Pencil what the fuck was that!" I ask, my voice almost a shout. Pencil stands back up to start yelling before Match stops her.

"Pencil...Book and Bubble have a point." She mumbles, gently standing up. "You're being really inconsiderate about Ruby's death. You don't know what happen to her, you can't just mess around like that."

"But Match—" Pencil starts, but gets cut off.

"I know you like to joke about things but this is too far. Ruby's your friend! Bubble's right, you probably messed her up to the point she killed herself. You can't just blame it on everything but yourself, not with the way you're acting. I'm going to my room, don't think about following me. I don't want to see you for the rest of the night!" Match exclaims, slamming the door.

Pencil turns to me, her face filled with shock.

"Book, you have to talk with Match."

"She's right you know, you should really listen to her." I say, walking away to my room. I slam the door, locking it. I hear Pencil start to quietly sob. I ignore her and try going to sleep.

I'm sorry Book, I really am.

—

It's the day after Ruby's suicide. Everyone's still pretty fucked up from it. Icy has barely left her room since yesterday. Bubble mostly spends her time by Ruby's grave. Match and Pencil aren't talking still.

I'm currently on the way to Pin's place. I'm hoping to get some answers from her and check up on how she's doing. It starts snowing on the way there, dark grey clouds blocking the sun. Doesn't matter anyway, it's 5PM, the sun's gonna set soon.

As I reach Pin's apartment door, I knock, waiting for an answer. Coiny opens the door, surprised to see me. Coiny's hair is slightly messy and his eyelids are heavy.

"Oh, hey Book." He mumbles, rubbing his eyes.

"Yeah...hey Coiny. Um...you look rough." I observe, a little concerned.

"Do I? I'm sorry. I've been taking care of Pin since yesterday, I didn't realize I looked like a mess. Anyway, what are you doing here?"

"I actually wanted to talk with Pin?" I ask, nervously. Coiny sighs, looking back.

"I don't know, she hasn't really spoken since yesterday." He mumbles, looking back. "Is it about Ruby's death?"

"Sort of...it's about a girl named Leafy." I mutter, hoping he doesn't think I'm crazy. His eyes immediately widen.

"Leafy?" He exclaims, surprised. I get caught off guard from his surprise. "Goodness I don't think you should talk to her. She's been going crazy over Leafy."

"So did Ruby and she killed herself, let me talk to Pin. You don't want her to kill herself either right?" I say, trying to convince him. Coiny takes a deep breath, opening the door fully. He lets me inside her place, closing the door behind me.

I see Pin sitting on the couch, she looks worse then Coiny. Her mascara is slightly smeared under her eyes. It's obvious she hasn't slept, her eye bags dark. She's in loose pajamas, watching a movie on the TV. She sees that I'm here and pauses the movie.

"Book?" She mumbles weakly. Her voice breaks my heart, she sounds weak and so fragile.

"Yeah, I wanted to talk with you, I hope you don't mind?" I ask, sitting down on the couch. Coiny sits next to Pin, wrapping an arm around her. Pin gently leans on Coiny, barely awake.

"I don't mind, what's up?" She asks, her voice a soft whisper.

"It's about Ruby's suicide." I start, watching Pin's reaction. She frowns a little, but nods.

"Mhm," She hums, bringing her knees up to her chest.

"I found out why she killed herself, do you know who Leafy is?" I question l, nervous. Pin immediately shifts, her eyes widening. She becomes fully awake as she sits up.

"Leafy has something to do with Ruby's suicide?" She asks, her voice paranoid.

"Yeah...I read her diary. I don't know who Leafy is but she wrote a lot about her. She was hearing voices and supposedly seeing her. She said it drove her crazy to the point she couldn't stand it anymore and...killed herself." I explain, shifting uncomfortably. Pin's eyes start to tear up.

"Ruby killed herself over Leafy? Please tell me you're lying, you have to be." Her voice breaks, tears already streaming down. I didn't expect Pin to start crying, not in front of me.

"I'm not, here, look at the more recent pages," I hand Pin Ruby's diary. As Pin starts reading more of her entries, the more she starts sobbing.

"What the fuck!" She exclaims, sobbing. Coiny gives her small kisses on the cheek, trying to calm her down.

"I thought I was the only one, I thought—" Pin pauses. "Am I going to die? What if she drives me to suicide, what if I start going crazy." Pin mumbles, handing the diary back.

"I think you'll be fine, I can't really say much. But Ruby was all alone, she wouldn't let anyone talk to her. I think it was the main reason of her suicide."

I see Pin start to calm down, but she still trembles slightly.

"But that's not what I wanted to talk about." I say, putting the diary back in my bag. "I wanted to ask you about Leafy, who is she?"

Pin looks away, thinking. "It's a long story. Too long of a story. She's basically an old friend of Firey and I."

As Pin continues telling the story, the less emotion she puts into her story. Minutes pass, turning into hours. After almost 2 hours, Pin finishes.

I stare at Pin, not knowing what to say.

"It's a lot, I know. Just...I didn't think it would get to the point of...um, yeah." Pin mumbles, rubbing her eyes.

"Listen, it's getting really late. I've been here for a while, I think you should get some sleep. Both of you. I'll talk to you tomorrow." I say, standing up. Coiny and Pin wish me goodnight as I leave. I walk through the hallways, feeling nervous.

What if Leafy is gonna talk to me next? She already has. What if I start seeing her regularly?

What about Firey?

---

3 CHAPTERS IN ONE DAY guys this is a world record!! I REALLY REALLY REALLY liked writing from Books Pov, its genuinely such a refresher cause ive been stuck writing from firey and pins POV

Anyway this chapter is longer then the other ones obviously, my chapters are gonna be longer now since the fanfic is actually starting to go somewhere kinda!! Also this wasn't read thru so there might be a lot of mistakes
Also just in case you guys couldn't tell Match and Pencil are dating!!

-sashay!!

Death

Firey [some to little mentions of suicide]

Decemeber 17th
It's been 3 days since Ruby killed herself. I haven't talked to anyone since. I wasn't friends with Ruby, but I was still really saddened by her death. Sometimes I can't help but wonder if Leafy is connected to this. I heard Pin passed out from the sight, but there has to be more than that.

I want to go back to Pin, tell her I'm sorry. But she wants to dig up Leafy, I don't. I've also been having dreams about Leafy, reoccurring ones. Sometimes I can't tell if they're real or not. I'm getting tired anyway, I'll go take a walk.

I close my journal, sighing. I feel bad for leaving Pin, but I don't want to go back. I'm scared to go back. I shove the journal into my bag and stand up. I haven't really gone anywhere in a while, a small walk might be nice.

As I head down the mountain, the snow dies down a little, but still falls. The city is decorated in Christmas decorations, Christmas only being 8 days away. I don't have anyone to spend Christmas with. If I did I wish it would be Leafy.

I continue walking down the city, giving everyone small smiles. Everyone seems to have forgotten all about Ruby's death, or they want to forget. I don't recognize most the faces here, they're most likely from the TLC.

"Firey!" Someone calls my name. I turn towards the direction to see Book.

"Book?" I question, waiting for her. She continues running until she reaches me. She gasps for air as she tries speaking.

"I wanted...to...talk to you..." She manages, still panting. I wait for her to catch her breath before I start walking again, Book following me.

"What's up?"

"It's about Ruby," She starts off, mumbling. I feel myself shift uncomfortably from the mention of Ruby.

"I'm sorry about her, I know you guys were—"

"I don't care about your sorrys, this is important." She exclaims, cutting me off. "I found the cause of her suicide. It kind of leads to you and Pin, not directly! But you guys were mentioned."

I feel my heart skip a beat, *what did Pin do? What did I do? Is this about Leafy?*

"Uh huh, go on," I mumble, fiddling with my hands now. I wait for Book to go on, but she's not talking. She pulls out a little book from her bag, handing it to me.

"It's Ruby's diary. Just read the last couple of entries," Book mumbles, looking away. She hands the diary to me, her fingers lingering on it for a moment before letting go.

I take a deep breath and open the diary, flipping through the pages until I reach the last few entries. As I start to read, a cold shiver runs down my spine.

The first entry makes me freeze, my hands gripping the edges of the book tightly. My heart races as I read Ruby's words, my fear mounting with every line. It's all about Leafy. My breath catches in my throat as I realize that Ruby saw her too.

I can hardly breathe as I continue to read, my heart pounding in my chest. Each entry is filled with Leafy.

My knees feel weak, and I almost drop the diary. I thought it was just me and Pin. I thought we were the only ones seeing her. Why is Leafy doing this? Why now? What if I end up killing myself too? Am I gonna go crazy?

By the time I reach the last entry, my hands are shaking uncontrollably. I feel sick, a nauseous pit forming in my stomach. Ruby's final words are about Leafy. Leafy drove Ruby to the edge of insanity. It was all of Leafy's fault for Ruby's suicide.

I close the diary, my breath ragged and uneven. I look up at Book, my eyes wide with fear. "She saw Leafy too." I whisper, my voice trembling.

"Pin told me all about Leafy already," Book starts, taking the diary back. "I was wondering if there was anything you were able to add?"

"What did she tell you?" I question, still trembling. I feel everyone giving Book and I looks, but I don't care, not right now at least.

"Basically everything she knows. She told me about the grave, the drive, how you won't dig up her grave. Basically everything." She says.

"She told you that?" I exclaim, my voice slightly breaking. *Why would Pin tell Book? Why would she tell her anything?*

"Yeah, I just felt like I should also ask you if there's anything else." She questions, looking at me. As much as I hate Pin for telling Book, she still deserves to know what happen.

"No, I think Pin told you everything." I mumble, looking down at my feet. I can feel Book's gaze on me.

"Oh, okay." She mutters, barely above a whisper. "Hey listen, I have to go now but take care of yourself okay?" Book says, pausing. I nod, giving her a weak smile.

"I'll see you later," I mumble, waving to her. Book starts walking in a different direction as me. I watch her until she's completely out of sight.

I start walking over to Pin's place, pissed that she told Book everything. Her apartment isn't far away since Book and I were walking towards it.

Once I'm at her door I start knocking loudly. I'm probably waking

the others up since it's almost night anyway but I don't care.

Pin opens the door, looking rough.

"Who's knocking so—Firey!" Pin exclaims. She immediately hugs me, squeezing me tight.

"I'm so glad you're okay, I thought something bad happened to you, I thought you might've died..." She mumbles, trembling. I stand there awkwardly, waiting for Pin to stop so I can yell at her.

"Pin...get off, I need to talk with you." I say, gently pushing her off. As she closes the door behind me, I start to feel bad. Pin doesn't look like shes okay, her eye bags are super noticeable, along with her messy hair. It looks like she's been through a lot and I'll just add onto it.

Pin sits on the couch, looking a little nervous. She looks up at me.

"Yeah?" She questions, her voice low.

"Why the fuck would you tell Book about Leafy?" I shout. Pin's eyes widen, taken aback by my shouting.

"What?"

"You told Book everything about Leafy! She told me!" I exclaim. Pin frowns, groaning.

"This is why you came here? Just to yell at me?" Pin asks, standing up. I cross my arms, pissed that she's ignoring the question.

"Why would you tell Book?" I shout. Pin stares at me, trying to form words. Just as she's about to speak up, Coiny comes out of Pin's room, in pajamas.

"What's with all the yelling?" He mumbles, fully awake. He looks like he's in better condition than Pin but still looks terrible.

"Oh hey Firey," He greets, sitting on the couch. Pin ignores Coiny and continues standing up.

"I told Book about Leafy because she deserves to know! Ruby died because of Leafy, couldn't she at least know about her?" Pin shouts.

"Well you didn't have to tell her *everything!*" I shout back. Coiny is still on the couch, watching us confused.

"Yes I did! She deserves to know everything, Ruby was her friend!" She cried out.

"Now she's gonna tell the Freesmarters! They're gonna think we were the cause of her death!" I shout. Pin sighs, dragging her hands over her face.

"Book wouldn't do that! And the Freesmarters are too dumb to come to conclusions like that." Pin exclaims, sitting down next to Coiny.

"Did you even read the diary? *Our* names were in there!" I continue yelling at Pin even though she stopped.

"Okay what's happening?" Coiny asks, shutting me up before I got to continue. He wraps an arm around Pin as she starts talking.

"Firey's mad at me because I told Book about Leafy." She mumbles, looking back at me. Guilt gnaws at me for yelling at her, she obviously wasn't in any shape to be yelled at.

"It's not that, it's the fact you told her *everything!*" I cry out, defending myself.

"Book was gonna find out eventually Firey, what Ruby said in her diary was a lot. Pin honestly didn't have a choice but to explain everything, she would've looked guilty." Coiny speaks up, defending Pin.

"But now she knows about the grave! She knows about the shovel and--"

"She promised she wouldn't speak of it. We'll be fine, she only came to me because she wanted to know more about Ruby's suicide, not about Leafy." Pin says, cutting me off. She watches my expression, hoping I'll let it go.

"Fine," I sigh. "Sorry for bothering you," I say, heading towards the door. Once I step out, Pin calls for me.

"Wait Firey!" Pin exclaims, standing up from the couch. "Don't leave, I want to talk to you about something else." She says, catching up to me.

"What?" I blurt out, still a little pissed. Pin walks outside, closing the door. We're alone in the apartment hallway, awkwardly standing there.

"What happen to Ruby, it's happening to me." She starts, fiddling around with her hands. She avoids eye contact with me.

"I see Leafy too, you'll be fine."

"You're not listening. It's been getting worse, I see her all the time now, not just in my dreams. It's like she's everywhere, I can't escape her." She mumbles, her voice breaking.

"You've got Coiny though," I start, Pin shakes her head, still looking away.

"I know, and I'm grateful for him but he doesn't understand. He probably thinks I'm going insane. I think I am. But it's not just Leafy," Pin says, her voice rising in panic. "I see Ruby too. Sometimes I see her dead body hanging from the ledge, just like that day. Sometimes it feels so real I can't tell if it's a hallucination or not."

"Pin--"

"And it's not just seeing them," She mutters, cutting me off. "It's hearing them. I hear them both, every day. They talk to me, telling me things I don't want to hear. Leafy, she tells me I'll end up just like Ruby. And sometimes I believe her, it's like she's forcing these thoughts in my head. Sometimes I feel like the only way to make it stop is to..." Her voice breaks completely, she wipes at her eyes furiously.

"Is to fucking kill myself! It's the only way Firey. I won't be doing anything and I suddenly see her dead body. It's like I'm back there, finding her all over again. Anytime I close my eyes I see Ruby or hear

Leafy. They're haunting me Firey, they're driving me to the edge." She sobs, completely breaking down.

Now I feel like shit for yelling at her earlier. She continues sobbing, quietly. I can tell she's embarrassed, but she can't stop.

"I don't want to end up like Ruby, I'm scared Firey. You're the only person I can talk to about this." She mumbles.

"You won't end up like Ruby," I say, trying to keep my voice steady, but inside I'm reeling. Seeing Leafy is bad enough, but now Ruby? And the urge to kill herself?

"I don't know, Firey," Pin whispers, her voice barely audible between sobs. "I don't know if I can keep fighting it. It's like they're always there. I feel so alone, even with Coiny. It's like they have a grip on my mind, and no matter what I do, I can't shake them off."

I step closer to her, hesitating for a moment before pulling her into a hug. She tenses at first but then melts into my embrace, her sobs shaking her whole body.

Pin clutches at my shirt, her hands trembling. "I'm just so sick of it all. I want to end it, I really do." She sobs.

After what felt like an hour of Pin crying, she apologizes for everything.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to be such a mess, I'm sorry," She mumbles, wiping at her face.

"It's fine." I mutter, looking away awkwardly.

"Hey, if it's not too much, do you wanna live here again? It's been kind of boring without you." Pin asks, chuckling a little.

"Yeah, I miss sleeping on the couch anyway." I reply, following Pin inside. Coiny immediately hugs Pin once he sees her face all tear stained.

"You okay? What happened out there?" He asks, giving Pin a gentle kiss on the cheek. I watch them, not realizing they're this close.

They're dating?

"Nothing. Anyway Firey's moving back in." Pin mumbles, looking back at me.

I give Coiny a smile smile. As they continue talking, I feel a cold presence enter the room. I immediately stand up straighter, a chill running down my spine.

You're only making it worse Firey.

I immediately turn around, my blood running cold. Nobody stands there, but the voice is still there.

Just dig me up. Why won't you listen to me?

I feel weight on my shoulder, like someone's hand is there, but there isn't. I'm imagining this, right?

Please dig me up Firey. Please listen to me. I'm tired of asking. Why won't you dig me up?

I feel my breath catch in my throat. My blood pounding in my ears, why won't she leave me alone. *Please leave me alone Leafy. I'm not digging you up.*

...

The voice slowly fades away, leaving me feeling empty inside. I'm going crazy. I feel Coiny and Pin's eyes on my, I can feel them judging me silently.

Shit chapter 🫥 sorry this one took so long, i lowkey got distracted.

Anyway guys i know ive been boring yall with the same shit each chapter so next chapter will actually move the plot forward i swear!! (Thats if i even have the energy to write....)

-sashay!!

Digging

Pin (TW!! implied suicide and descriptions of gore in the end!!)

I'm in a forest, the trees twisted and gnarled, casting long, sinister shadows. The air is thick and cold, wrapping around me like a shroud. My heart races as I walk, each step echoing in the eerie silence. It's a place I've been before, a place I thought I had left behind.

Pin...

Leafy whispers. Why is she here? I don't turn around. I can't bear to see her.

Pin, you can't ignore me forever

The voice is closer now, pressing in on my mind, filling every corner of my thoughts. *Why won't she leave me alone?*

"Go away," I mutter, my voice weak and trembling. "Please, just go away."

You can't escape me, I'm a part of you now.

Leafy says, her tone almost mocking.

I start to run, my feet pounding against the forest floor. The trees seem to close in, their branches reaching out like skeletal hands. I can feel Leafy behind me, her presence like a dark shadow, always just a step away.

Pin, I just want to talk.

"Shut up!" I scream, my voice cracking. "Leave me alone!"

But she doesn't. Her voice is relentless, echoing in my mind,

drowning out my thoughts.

You're just like Ruby. She couldn't handle it, and neither can you.

"Stop it!" I cry, my vision blurring with tears. "I can't take this anymore!"

Suddenly, the forest opens up, and I see it—a rope hanging from a tree, a noose swaying gently in the cold breeze. I freeze, staring at it, my breath catching in my throat.

Go on. You know what you have to do. It's the only way to make it stop.

My legs move on their own, taking me closer to the tree. The noose seems to beckon, promising an end to the torment.

I reach the tree, my fingers brushing against the rope. It's rough and cold, sending a shiver down my spine. I look up, and there she is—Leafy, sitting on the branch, her eyes boring into mine.

You can't run from this, Pin, you can't run from me.

I collapse to my knees, sobbing uncontrollably. "I hate you," I whisper. "I just want it to end."

Then do it. End it all. You'll finally be free.

I stand up, holding onto the rope. It looks so invitational, like it's meant for me. Maybe it is meant for me. But just as darkness begins to close in, everything shifts. The forest dissolves, the shadows vanish, and I'm falling—falling into an abyss.

I wake up with a jolt, my body drenched in sweat, my heart pounding. Tears stream down my face as I try to catch my breath. I glance to my side and see Coiny sleeping peacefully next to me.

Stupid fucking Leafy. Why can't she just leave me alone? I'm sick of this.

I sit up, hugging my knees to my chest, trembling. The vividness of the dream lingers, the terror refusing to fade. Leafy's voice still

echoes in my mind, her words cutting deep.

As I sit there, trying to steady my breathing, the image of the noose and Leafy's taunting voice replay in my mind. I can't help but wonder if I'll ever find peace, or if I'm doomed to be tormented by these nightmares forever.

I feel Coiny stir next to me, he sits up, seeing my face.

"Pin?" He mumbles, rubbing his eyes. "You...okay?"

"It's Leafy. She won't stop. She wont leave me alone." I mumble, silently sobbing in my knees. I hear Coiny shift, sighing.

"Goodness Pin, you can't get any sleep can you." He mumbles, rubbing my back.

"I'm just so sick of it all. I don't know how much longer I can do this, I just want to end it all."

"Woah woah woah, let's not get that far! I'll get you some water, okay?" Coiny says, standing up. He gives me a gentle kiss on my head before leaving the room.

Please dig me up Pin. I'm tired of asking.

I'm getting sick of this shit. *I'm digging you up. If that's what makes you shut the fuck up!* I storm out the room, waking up Firey who's sleeping on the couch.

"Firey wake the fuck up!" I exclaim, nudging his shoulder with my foot.

"Pin?" Coiny mumbles from the kitchen, holding a cup of water. "Do you still want the water or..."

"I don't need water right now. I need that stupid damn shovel!" I snap at Coiny. He sets the cup down immediately.

"Wake up Firey damn it!" I cry out, nudging him harder. He finally wakes up, mumbling incoherent words.

"Pin...I'm trying to sleep." He mumbles, sitting up a little.

"Sleep later! Where's the shovel?" I ask, crossing my arms.

"What?"

"I'm digging up Leafy! Where's the fucking shovel Firey it's not that hard!" I shout. Firey's fully awake now. He pauses, watching my expression. He sighs, frowning.

"It's in my backpack." He mumbles, walking over to grab his bag. I'm surprised he didn't object but I'm glad he didn't.

He digs inside for the shovel, handing it to me. He gently places his bag down, looking away.

"I don't want to know what you find. Don't tell me anything." He says, sitting down on the couch.

"You're not gonna come?" I ask, slipping on my shoes. Firey shakes his head.

"I'm scared to. Just tell Leafy I love her, okay?" He asks, looking down.

"Okay." I say, finally tying my shoes. As I open the door, Coiny quickly closes it.

"Pin? Are you crazy?" He asks, his eyes wide.

"Not really the best thing to ask me." I deadpan.

"Pin! It's 4AM! You can't go out," He exclaims, standing in front of the door.

"Coiny look, I know you worried for me but I'll be okay." I mumble, giving him a weak smile. Coiny continues standing there.

"Yeah, besides she has a shovel, I think she'll be okay." Firey chimes in from the couch.

"Coiny I'll be fine. I've dealt with worse." I reassure him, gently

pushing him to the side.

Coiny watches me, nervously. He sighs as he fully steps aside, letting me leave.

"Be careful, *please*." He urges. I nod as I leave.

The hallway is eerily quiet, everyone probably sleeping.

Dig me up Pin.

I start to walk faster. *What do you think I'm about to do?* As I reach the stairs, I hear Firey call my name.

"Pin! Wait!" He calls, rushing towards me. I wait for Firey, getting impatient.

"Yes?"

"I'm going with you, I have a feeling I should be there." Firey pants, still trying to put on his shoes.

"Fine, just hurry up," I mumble, impatiently tapping my foot.

Once Firey's ready, we head out into the night. The air is crisp, and the silence is almost oppressive. Firey walks beside me, the shovel in my hand feeling heavy with the weight of what we're about to do.

"Are you sure about this?" Firey asks, his voice low.

"No, but I don't have a choice," I reply, my grip tightening on the shovel. "I need to do this."

We walk in silence, the only sound being the crunch of our footsteps on the gravel. As we get closer to Leafy's grave, a sense of dread settles over me.

When we reach Leafy's grave, the moonlight casts eerie shadows across the headstone. I swallow hard, my heart pounding in my chest.

"Alright, let's get this over with," I say, my voice shaking slightly.

Dig me up.

Firey nods, stepping back to give me space. I take a deep breath and start digging. Each shovelful of dirt feels like it's taking a piece of my sanity with it. Firey stands by, watching silently, his expression a mix of concern and fear.

Dig me up Pin. Come on.

"Do you hear her?" Firey asks after a few minutes of silence.

"I'm hearing her right now." I whisper, my voice barely audible.

The digging continues, each movement feeling more surreal. As the hole gets deeper, the voice in my head grows louder.

Hurry up, Pin. Please.

"I'm trying," I mutter, frustration creeping into my voice.

I dig deeper, my hands scraping against the cold earth. Sweat mixes with dirt on my face, and my breath comes out in ragged gasps. Firey occasionally glances at me, his nervousness evident.

Finally, my shovel hits something hard. I stop and start clearing away the dirt with my hands, revealing a pile of large rocks. I drop to my knees, shoving away the remaining dirt, and uncover an irregular surface.

"What is that?" Firey asks, peering over my shoulder.

I sit back on my heels, staring at the empty hole. My chest tightens, my breaths coming in ragged gasps. I try to convince myself this is just some sick joke, that maybe Leafy's body is hidden somewhere else, but the stark reality is too overwhelming to ignore.

"It's just rocks," I say, my voice breaking as I try to suppress the tears. "There's nothing here. No body, no coffin. Just rocks."

Firey's eyes are wide with disbelief. He shakes his head, his face a

mix of anger and sorrow. "You're joking," he says, though his voice wavers.

"Does it look like I'm joking, Firey?" I snap, the desperation in my tone clear. "Leafy's not here! There's no sign of her. It's just an empty grave."

Firey's face pales, and he runs a trembling hand through his hair. His eyes brim with tears, and for a moment, he just stands there, grappling with the reality of our situation. "This can't be happening," he mutters, more to himself than to me. "She can't just be... gone. We were supposed to find her."

I feel a deep, cold wave of despair crashing over me, leaving me numb. Every ounce of hope I'd clung to is crumbling away, replaced by the crushing realization that I've been digging in vain. The anguish of seeing Leafy's body, of the constant haunting, has led me to this—the empty grave that mocks my desperation and insanity.

The silence between us is heavy, broken only by our muted sobs. Firey's shoulders shake as he begins to cry softly, the sound of his anguish breaking my heart. "I thought... I thought we'd find her," he says, his voice barely a whisper. "I thought we'd have answers."

I can see the tears streaking down his face, his usual stoic demeanor cracking under the weight of our failure. The sight of his pain, his defeat, only adds to my own overwhelming grief.

"I've been going insane," I mumble, my voice barely audible as I crumble further. "I've been seeing shit, hearing voices, digging for something that isn't even here. But it was all for nothing!" I shout.

The night is cold and unforgiving, the moonlight casting eerie shadows over the empty grave. The weight of our failure presses down on us, a heavy blanket of despair. Firey's quiet sobs are a stark reminder of the depths of our grief and frustration. We're left with nothing but the echo of our failed search and the haunting emptiness of the grave.

I look back at the shovel, it's cold metal glinting in the moonlight. It feels like the only thing that stop the chasm of despair and

frustration inside of me. My heart pounds erratically, each beast a painful reminder of the void left by Leafy's disappearance. The shovel's edge seems to mock me, it's a cruel promise of release from the unbearable pressure building in my chest.

Do it Pin.

The voice in my head is a sinister whisper. Is this Leafy or myself? I can't ignore the gnawing urge, the compulsion to let my rage and helplessness find a way out.

My hands tremble as I grab the shovel. The metal bites into my palms as my fingers tremble uncontrollably. My breath comes in ragged gasps, each inhale shar and shallow as I lift the shovel higher.

Come on Pin. We're all waiting.

The words echo in my mind, taunting me. I bring the shovel back, its handle rough against my skin. My vision blurs as tears mix with the dirt and sweat on my face. The urge to end it all, end the torment, end these voices is overpowering. Firey watches me, his voice piercing my thoughts.

"Pin what are you—"

My grip tightens on the shovel, and with a desperate sob, I swing the shovel at myself.

The impact is searing. I feel the sharp edge tear through my flesh, a raw, painful reminder of Leafy. Blood gushes out in hot pulsing waves, splattering against the ground. I feel all the warmth leave my body, the blood pooling around me, seeping into the ground.

The realization of what I've done crashes down on me in waves of pain and regret. I'm losing control, sinking into a nightmare I can't escape. The blood, the pain, the voices, it's all too much. My sobs are choked by all the agony, my body trembling uncontrollably.

I hear Firey screaming my name, I feel his horror as it's a mix of mine. The shovel drops from my hands, falling to the ground with a dull thud.

Everything starts to fade, my vision darkening around the edges. *Is this what death feels like? It feels terrible.*

I knew you couldn't handle it.

---------- Pin just killed herself lolololol!!!! sorry its not funny guys i love pin

anyway this chapter was so so so sos soo SOOSOOO cramped, i feel like i could of written it out longer blah blah blah but i was lazy! and i really wanted to write about this..... If you guys have questions lmk cause ill answer them!!! other then that i PROMISE ill stop with everyone killing themselves and all these deaths (no the fuck i am not who do you guys think i am trust me youll see more deaths later on!!)

Also a quick thingy, pin and coiny arent dating. yeah they mightve kissed maybe once or twice but coiny thinks its friendly and Pin is kinda insane to think anything. love you guys!!

-sashay!!

Again?

Book [YOU CAN SKIP THIS CHAPTER!!]

It's been a while since Ruby died. Honestly, nobody's really brought her up since. It's almost like her name's been erased from our conversations. Match took it the hardest. For a while, she'd barely eat anything. We were worried she might end up kill herself next. It was rough seeing her like that, and even though nobody really talked about it, you could feel the weight of it in the air.

It's 8PM, we're all gathered in the living room, at least most of us. Pencil's in the kitchen, busy baking cookies, or at least she was until she burned herself.

"Ow!" Pencil shouts as she pulls her hand away from the oven, the hot tray of cookies almost slipping out of her grasp. She quickly shuffles her hand under cold water, wincing.

Bubble, who's lounging on the couch, fiddles with the remote, flipping through a few channels. "What movie do you guys want to watch?"

"Something scary," Pencil calls out from the kitchen, her voice a bit strained from the burn. She shuffles around, making more noise than usual.

"I'm not really in the mood for something scary," I mumble, speaking up from the couch. Pencil turns her head, eyeing me with a bit of annoyance.

"Book, you're never in the mood for scary movies," Pencil says, rolling her eyes as she repositions the cookies on the cooling rack.

"I'm not either," Match chimes in from her spot on the floor. She's curled up in a blanket, typing away on her phone. She barely looks

up, just peeks at us from under her blanket.

"Pussies," Pencil mutters under her breath, clearly annoyed.

"What if we watch a show instead?" Bubble suggests, changing the channel to the TV show section.

"Pretty Little Liars?" Pencil proposes, her tone carrying a note of hope. Match and Pencil are obsessed with Pretty Little Liars. They've watched it a million times, but they still act like it's new every time.

"That's scary," Ice Cube comments, snuggling up next to Bubble. Pencil groans loudly.

"Seriously, if you're scared of a little fun, just say it," Pencil says, her frustration evident.

"Icy, it's fine. It's really not that scary," Match reassures, looking up briefly from her phone. Ice Cube frowns but stays close to Bubble, clearly not convinced.

"So, Pretty Little Liars?" Bubble asks, glancing around for a consensus. Most of us agree, but Ice Cube remains silent, her apprehension clear.

Bubble starts an episode, setting the remote down on the coffee table and draping a blanket over herself and Ice Cube. I settle deeper into the couch, hugging a pillow tightly. Pencil finishes up with the cookies, placing them on the coffee table with a clatter. She turns off the lights, leaving only the soft glow from the TV to illuminate the room.

Hours pass, and the room is filled with the soft glow of the TV and the occasional shifting of bodies. Pencil's almost asleep, her head lolling against Match's shoulder. Ice Cube's already out cold, while Bubble and I are still semi-awake, trying to stay engaged with the show.

Just as I'm about to drift off, I hear the ping of a phone. Match's phone, to be specific. She picks it up, her face going from relaxed to a stark white, her eyes wide as she reads the screen. She gasps quietly, her breath shaky.

"Guys," Match says, her voice barely more than a whisper.

Pencil groans, stirring. "What?" she mumbles, yawning.

"Did any of you see Pin today?" Match's voice is almost a whisper, but it's filled with a sense of urgency. Her face is pale, and she looks like she's seen a ghost.

I sit up, my heart starting to race. "No?" I reply, suddenly wide awake. "Why?"

"Pin killed herself," Match says, her voice trembling as she delivers the news. The room goes silent. My heart sinks. I remember the night I spent talking to Pin, the night she confided in me about Leafy, the night she told me she was hearing Leafy's voice. The memory hits me like a freight train.

Pencil, on the other hand, doesn't react with the same shock. Instead, she starts to slightly laugh. It's a harsh, bitter sound. "Seriously? She killed herself" She shakes her head, barely able to contain her amusement.

"Pencil, really?" Bubble says, looking over at her with a mix of shock and disapproval. "That's not funny."

"Hey, I'm just saying what everyone's thinking," Pencil says, shrugging nonchalantly. "It's not like anyone really liked her."

"Not the time," Match snaps, her voice breaking. "This isn't a joke."

The atmosphere in the room shifts dramatically. The lightheartedness of the evening has been replaced by an awkward tension. I can't believe this is happening. The room feels like it's closing in on me. I think about how lonely Pin must have been, how isolated. The thought makes me ache inside.

Bubble shifts uncomfortably on the couch, and I notice her glancing around, clearly unsure how to respond to the sudden change in mood. Ice Cube remains silent, still curled up under the blanket, oblivious to the gravity of the situation.

I'm sorry Book, I really didn't mean to kill her. It was an accident,

really.

I shake my head, not believing the situation. *You killed Pin? What did you do?*

It was an accident! She started going crazy by herself, I swear. Book please believe me.

I sigh, looking down at Match and Pencil. Match is yelling at Pencil for laughing. *You can't just keep killing people Leafy. Please. First Ruby, now Pin? You knew what Pin was going through.*

I know. I'm sorry, I really am. I didn't mean for any of this to happen.

I get up from the couch, getting annoyed.

"I'm gonna go get some sleep. I don't want to hear about Pin." I mumble. I wish the others goodnight and lock the door. I flop down on the bed, closing my eyes.

Book? Please talk to me.

You killed Pin! How am I supposed to talk with you?

I told you it was an accident. I never meant to cause harm.

Cleary you did! Pin was my friend. Ruby was my friend damn it! Just leave me alone.

Okay.

Leafy becomes quiet, leaving me in peace. I stare at the ceiling, thinking about Pin. *Is she really dead?*

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i might unpublish this chapter it doesnt feel right.

-sashay!!

Dreams

Pin

I open my eyes to an endless expanse of white, the space bathed in a faint pink glow. The silence is overwhelming, broken only by the sound of my own breathing. I stand up, my legs feeling unsteady as if I'm walking on water. The floor beneath me reflects my image, a mirror-like surface rippling with each step.

Where am I? Am I alive?

Looking down, I see my chest drenched in blood. The crimson liquid drips steadily, causing tiny ripples to spread across the reflective surface. Despite the sight, I don't feel pain. Instead, a strange calmness envelops me, as though the blood and the sensation of walking on this watery floor are somehow comforting.

"Hello?" I call out, my voice barely more than a whisper. It echoes eerily in the vast emptiness, the sound bouncing off unseen walls. As the echos bounce back, they sound distorted.

I take cautious steps forward, occasionally stumbling as if the water's surface beneath me is in constant flux. In the distance, a small, dark shape catches my eye. My heart skips a beat as I approach, trying to make out what it is.

As I get closer, the figure becomes clearer. It's Ruby, hugging her knees tightly to her chest. She seems almost serene, her gaze fixed on the horizon, avoiding mine.

"Ruby?" I call out, my voice trembling. *Am I really dead?*

Ruby slowly turns her head towards me, her eyes reflecting a mixture of surprise and resignation.

"Sit down, Pin," she says softly, patting the spot beside her. The gesture causes gentle ripples in the water-like floor.

I sit down next to her, my heart pounding in my chest. Ruby continues to look ahead, her silence heavy with unspoken thoughts. The space around us remains unchanged, an infinite white void with a soft pink hue, making everything seem distant and dreamlike.

"I wasn't expecting you to be here," Ruby says after a moment, her voice barely above a whisper. I pull my knees up to my chest, trying to make sense of it all.

"I wasn't either," I reply, my voice catching in my throat. The weight of the situation presses down on me, blending with the surreal calm of this strange place.

"Why'd you do it?" Ruby asks, turning to look at me. Her eyes are filled with a mix of concern and sadness. I watch her expression, feeling a heavy weight in my chest, unsure of how I should feel.

"Same reason as you," I say quietly. Ruby continues watching me, tilting her head as if she's trying to understand something deeply.

"What exactly was that reason, though?" Ruby asks, her voice gentle but probing. I think about it for a while, trying to piece together my scattered thoughts.

I can barely remember anything. I remember holding the shovel, feeling its weight in my hands, and then ramming it into myself. It felt forced rather than something I wanted to do, like I was compelled by some unseen force.

"It was Leafy," I say, hoping Ruby takes this answer. Ruby frowns a little, sighing deeply.

"Pin, was it Leafy or was it the voices in your head?" she questions, tapping on my head lightly.

I think about it for a moment. The memories are fuzzy, but deep down, I know the truth. It wasn't Leafy. It was my own voice, and I'm just scared to admit it.

"I guess it was myself," I mumble, the realization settling heavily on my shoulders. Ruby sighs, her expression softening.

"You shouldn't be here, Pin..." she mumbles, looking away as if the words are too hard to say directly to me.

"You shouldn't either. You shouldn't be dead!" I plead, my voice cracking with emotion. Ruby shakes her head slowly, her gaze distant.

"I didn't have a choice. You did. You could've stopped yourself. You should've," Ruby says, her tone a mix of frustration and sorrow.

"There wasn't anything left for me anyway," I mumble, feeling tears well up in my eyes. The emptiness inside me feels overwhelming.

"What about Coiny? Or Firey? Ever since you left them, they haven't been looking so good," Ruby says softly, her eyes searching mine for some sign of understanding.

"They'll be fine without me," I say, though the words feel hollow. "I'm the reason I got Firey and Coiny into this mess anyway."

Ruby shakes her head, her expression pained. "You don't get it, do you? They care about you. They're hurting because you're gone. Firey is falling apart, and Coiny... he's a wreck."

I look down at my reflection in the mirrored floor, my chest still soaked in blood. The sight is a grim reminder of my actions. "I thought I was doing them a favor," I whisper.

"A favor? By leaving them? Pin, they need you. They're not better off without you. They're worse," Ruby says, her voice rising slightly with urgency.

We sit in silence for what feels like an eternity. The soft pink glow of the infinite white space around us is both comforting and disorienting. My sense of time slips away; minutes, hours, maybe even days pass by unnoticed. The only constant is the rippling reflection of ourselves on the watery floor beneath us.

Blood keeps dripping from me, infinity spilling out. But I don't feel a

thing.

Finally, I break the silence, my voice barely a whisper. "Am I dead?"

"Yes." Ruby turns her head slowly to look at me, her expression gentle but somber.

I nod, the reality of her confirmation settling over me like a heavy blanket. I turn my gaze back to the foggy horizon, trying to process the weight of her words. The calmness of this place is at odds with the turmoil inside me.

"You know Book really misses you," I say, trying to change the subject, to bring some sense of normalcy to our surreal surroundings.

"I miss her too. I miss the Freesmarters, even if Pencil was an asshole." Her eyes sparkle with a mix of fondness and sadness, memories of better times flickering through her mind. A soft smile touches Ruby's lips.

I can't help but smile at that. "Yeah, she was. But she had her moments."

Ruby chuckles softly, the sound echoing faintly in the vast emptiness.

"I suppose. We all did, didn't we? Moments where we were just... us. No competition, no games. Just friends."

We sit in silence, side by side, for what feels like days. The infinite white space around us, with its soft pink tint and gentle glow, becomes a comforting cocoon.

As time stretches on, I find myself relaxing more and more. The silence isn't oppressive; instead, it's soothing, like a gentle embrace. I watch the ripples in the floor, mesmerized by their slow, rhythmic patterns. The fog in the distance adds to the sense of tranquility, making the world seem vast and infinite, yet intimate and safe.

Ruby and I exchange occasional glances, her presence a constant source of comfort. We don't need words to communicate; the silence says everything. It speaks of understanding, of shared pain and healing, of a bond that transcends time and space.

After a while, I break the silence, my voice soft and reflective. "You know, I never thought I'd feel this way. Here, in this place. It's like... everything that's been haunting me is finally at peace."

"You're dead Pin. This place is supposed to do that. It has a way of soothing the soul. Makes you realize what's really important." Ruby looks at me, her expression calm and reassuring.

I nod, feeling a deep sense of agreement. "Yeah, it does. I feel safe here."

I look around, taking in the infinite horizon, the gentle glow, the rippling floor. "It's strange, but I don't want to leave. I miss Coiny and Firey but..."

Ruby chuckles softly. "I felt the same way when I first got here. I miss everyone but I like it here."

We fall back into silence, but it's a different kind of silence now-one filled with acceptance and tranquility. I watch the endless expanse of our surroundings, feeling a profound sense of calm. For the first time in a long time, I feel like I'm exactly where I need to be.

"Does Leafy ever talk to you here?" I ask.

"Sometimes. But it's always calm and soothing, they're good words, don't worry. She can't hurt you here anyway." Ruby replies, smiling to herself.

I close my eyes, enjoying the silence. As I take a breath in, I feel pain slowly starting to appear in my chest. It feels like I've just re-stabbed myself. I cry out, clutching my chest.

I feel myself jolt up, completely sitting upright.

"Oh goody, you're awake!" a voice says. I open my eyes to see Golfball looking at me.

I'm scared. I don't know where I am. I was just at ease with Ruby, and now I'm in pain, sitting in front of Golfball. My chest throbs with each breath, and the stark contrast between the serene white space and this harsh, bright room makes my head spin. Panic starts to set

in, my breathing quickening as the pain intensifies.

My thoughts race uncontrollably. *What's happening? Am I dead? Is this a dream? Why is there so much pain?* The pain is so real, so blinding, that it's hard to focus on anything else. My heart pounds in my chest, sending waves of agony through my body. Each throb feels like a reminder of my failure, of the desperation that led me to that shovel. The fear and confusion are overwhelming, my mind a whirlwind of terror and regret.

My hands are shaking, my vision blurring with tears. I can't catch my breath. I feel like I'm suffocating under the weight of it all.

"I didn't think you were gonna make it. I mean, you stabbed yourself pretty deep," Golfball says, walking over to me and handing me a glass of water.

I stare at the glass of water, seeing my reflection. My face looks pale, gaunt. The tranquility I felt with Ruby seems so distant now. The pain in my chest is a stark reminder of the reality I've returned to. I close my eyes, trying to recall the sense of safety and peace from that infinite, foggy space. I want to go back there, away from this pain, away from the harsh reality.

"Pin, can you hear me?" Golfball's voice breaks through my thoughts, but it feels distant, like I'm underwater.

I nod slowly, my hands trembling as I take the glass.

"Yeah, I hear you," I whisper, my voice hoarse. But inside, I feel like I'm falling apart. The room spins, and I can't tell what's real and what's not. My chest feels like it's on fire, and the fear of what's happening is suffocating.

"Drink this, you need some water," she instructs, her tone sharp.

I take a small sip, the cool water soothing my dry throat. But the pain in my chest is overwhelming, a constant, throbbing ache that makes it hard to focus on anything else. I can feel Golfball's eyes on me, her expression a mix of concern and irritation. I don't know what to say or how to explain what I've been through, both physically and

mentally.

"Where am I?" I manage to ask, my voice barely above a whisper.

"My factory." she explains, taking the glass from me. She sets it on a nearby table.

My mind races, trying to piece together the fragments of my memories. The serene space with Ruby, the feeling of peace, it all seems like a distant dream now. I struggle to remember how I got here, why I'm in so much pain. The room feels too bright, too loud, and I want to retreat back to that calm, infinite space where nothing hurt.

"I don't understand," I mumble, my voice trembling. "I was with Ruby...everything was calm...and now..."

Golfball's expression hardens. "You've been through a lot, Pin. You're just feeling disoriented."

"Disoriented?" I echo, my voice rising with panic. "No, you don't understand Golfball, I was dead! I was there with Ruby, we talked."

"People like you make my job harder," Golfball says, her tone lacking warmth. "You're not dead, it was just a dream."

But it wasn't a dream. I was talking with Ruby, I was dead!

"Since you're awake, do you want me to call anyone?" she asks. I shake my head, still not being able to process anything.

"Are you sure? Coiny and Firey were pretty worried about you," she asks, tilting her head.

"Yeah," I say. "I'm sure."

I spent the next couple of days in Golfball's factory. It's actually pretty nice. I would just lay down all day while Golfball would rant to me. She'd either rant to me about Tennisball, work, or how I'm annoying. Even though Golfball is rude sometimes, she still was nice to me, kinda. Golfball really stressed herself out with work, sometimes I feel bad by stressing her out even more.

I found Golfball's factory to be really comfortable. There was always something happening, something I could always listen to. Golfball was actually pretty funny when she wasn't working-which was rare. I spent most of my time with her and Tennisball, enjoying their company.

Sometimes I even got to help Golfball with projects. I might've learned a couple of things there, she would try teaching me everything she knows. I even matched my sleep schedule to match Golfball's. I had a lot of fun at the factory, I almost wish I could stay here forever. Maybe I can, Golfball doesn't seem to mind.

On days when Golfball is too busy, I wander around the factory, exploring its nooks and crannies. There are places where old inventions and prototypes are stored, like a museum.

Tennisball is often around too, usually helping Golfball with her projects. He's a calming presence, always patient and kind. The dynamic between him and Golfball is interesting to watch. They bicker and argue, but there's a deep respect and understanding between them. It's clear they're good friends, maybe something more, and their bond is something I find myself envying a little.

As the days go by, I settle into a routine. I help Golfball and Tennisball with their projects, listen to Golfball's rants, and explore the factory. I find myself looking forward to each day, eager to see what new things I might learn or discover. It's a stark contrast to the numbness and despair I felt before.

I really like it here, it makes me happy. I don't want to go back, I know I have to. Sometimes I have dreams of Ruby, this time they're only dreams, I can't talk to her.

As I'm sitting by the window, watching the snow, I hear a voice behind me.

"Merry Christmas Eve Pin," Golfball says, holding a gift towards me. I turn around, surprised.

"It's Christmas Eve?" I ask, taking the gift from her. She nods, smiling.

"I was giving you the gift today since I thought you'd probably leave later today..." She mumbles, looking away. "To spend Christmas with Coiny and everyone else you know?"

"Oh," I breathe, looking down at the gift. "I wasn't planning on leaving, not anytime soon." I admit, looking up her.

"It's fine, you should really go though. I loved having you around, really, but everyone's worried about you."

I know she's right, but I don't want to leave. I jump off the chair, giving Golfball a big hug. Her tiny figure practically gets crushed as I hug her tight.

"I'm gonna miss you!" I cry out, hugging her tighter. She grabs at my arms, trying to push me off.

"You can still visit me!" She exclaims, clawing at me. I let go of Golfball, letting her breathe.

"I mean are you sure I have to go? I mean my chest still hurts, what if I start bleeding again."

"It hurts cause you stabbed yourself! And like I said, you can visit anytime. I really don't mind. TB and I like it when you're around." Golfball explains, walking towards the door.

"Thank you," I mumble, holding the gift. I stand by the edge of the door. "Merry Christmas Eve!" I exclaim, walking out the door.

My place isn't far from Golfball's factory, maybe a 10 minute walk. The snow is light but still cold. There's Christmas decorations all over the place, lighting up my paths.

As I start walking through the city, a lot of people start giving me looks. Some whisper to their friends and some looked shock.

Does everyone know about me? What happen?

I quicken my pace, trying to ignore everyone. I finally reach my place, relieved. I quickly rush up the stairs, trying to get home as quick as I can. I knock on my door, hoping someone will answer. The

door is locked but the lights are on.

I hear footsteps approaching the door, the shadow peeking through the crack. Coiny opens the door, looking rough. His face instantly lights up as he sees me.

"Pin!" He cries out, rushing to hug me. I feel his body tremble as he holds me tight. I drop my gift, hugging Coiny back.

My head fucking hurts i think im dying

-sashay!!

Its not fair

Match [little bloody descriptions!!]

I'm lying on my bed, staring up at the ceiling. Pencil is next to me, deeply absorbed in her phone, her face illuminated by the screen. The soft hum of her scrolling is the only sound breaking the silence in the room. Outside, the world is wrapped in snow, a thin layer of white that's been lingering since Christmas. The holiday decorations are still up—twinkling lights along the window, a wreath on the door, and a giant inflatable Santa grinning in the yard. It's a sharp contrast to the heaviness inside me.

The other three, Bubble Book, and Ice Cube are in the living room, their voices carrying through the open door as they play some board game. Their laughter and the occasional clink of game pieces are a reminder of the normalcy I'm desperately trying to escape from. I've been lying here for what feels like hours, my mind racing with thoughts that won't settle.

It's been well over a week since Ruby died. I can't seem to shake the feeling of her absence. It's like an endless, gnawing ache that I can't ignore. We all agreed not to speak of her, an unspoken rule we've followed as if silence could somehow make the pain go away. But I can't just forget her. Her memory lingers in every corner of the house, every fragment of conversation that stops abruptly when her name is mentioned.

Especially after hearing about Pin. The news that she's still alive hit me like a punch to the gut. It doesn't seem right. Pin's survival feels like a cruel joke. How is it fair that she's here, breathing, while Ruby actually died? It feels like Pin's failed suicide attempt is mocking Ruby's suicide, as if she's being punished for being weak. Ruby didn't deserve to die. But Pin?

Pin should be the one who's gone, not Ruby.

I hate myself for thinking this way, but I can't help it. What's Pin even doing here now? She's just another lame girl with mental problems, from what Book's said. Apparently, she's been seeing Leafy too. I still don't understand what Leafy has to do with Ruby's death. Book's kept it all a secret.

Kill her.

I chuckle softly, the sound hollow in the quiet room. It's a dark thought, one I'd never actually act on, but the idea lingers. It wouldn't be the worst thing if Pin died. Honestly, I've never liked her that much. Book is the only one who seems to care about her, and I've never quite understood why.

It's just so unfair. Pin's alive, Ruby's dead. They both faced similar voices—why couldn't Ruby have survived? Why does Pin get to keep going?

The more I think about it, the more it feels wrong. Pin's continued existence feels like a cosmic oversight. She tried to end her life—so why is she still here? Is Leafy choosing favorites now? What did Ruby do to deserve this?

Kill Pin.

The thought keeps echoing in my mind, growing louder and more insistent. Maybe taking Pin out isn't such a crazy idea. Maybe it would bring some balance, some sense of justice.

"Hey, Pencil. I'm going to take a walk. I'll be back soon," I say, pushing myself up from the bed. I lean over and press a quick kiss to her lips.

"Okay, don't die," Pencil replies, her attention still focused on her phone. I quickly grab a pocket knife from my desk drawer, feeling the cool metal in my hand before shoving it into my jeans pocket. The weight of it is a stark reminder of the task I'm contemplating.

As I head towards the door, I see Bubble, Book, and Ice Cube gathered around the coffee table. They're in the middle of a game of Jenga, Book carefully pulls a block from the tower. Ice Cube watches

intently, her eyes wide with anticipation.

"Hey, Match," Book says, not taking her eyes off the game.

"Hey," I reply, grabbing a sweater from the couch. I pull it on quickly, trying to hide the bulge of the pocket knife. The sweater is warm, but it does little to hide my unease.

"Going somewhere?" Ice Cube asks, glancing up from the game.

"Just going for a walk," I say, opening the door. "I'll be back soon!" I call out over my shoulder as I step into the cold evening. The door clicks shut behind me, and I lock it with a swift turn of the key. The snow-covered ground crunches under my boots as I walk away from the house.

The city is still busy, the snow reflecting the soft glow of the streetlights. Christmas decorations still hang from houses and trees, their colors muted by the snow. It's a picturesque scene, but it feels like a facade. The holiday cheer seems hollow in the face of everything that's happened.

Each step feels heavier, each breath more deliberate. The cold air is sharp against my skin, but it doesn't compare to the icy resolve that's settled in my chest. The walk to Pin's house is short but feels like an eternity. My mind races with a mix of anger and determination.

As I approach Pin's house, I take a moment to observe the scene before me. Her apartment is decorated with twinkling lights, looking almost too cheerful given the circumstances. The sight pisses me off, pushing me forward.

I rush up the stairs, finding her apartment. I pause, my hand trembling slightly as I reach up to knock. For a moment, doubt creeps in. Is this really the right thing to do? But the image of Ruby's body pushes me.

I take a deep breath and knock softly on the door. The sound echoes in the quiet night, a stark reminder of the stillness that surrounds me. I wait, my heart pounding in my chest. The seconds

tick by, each one stretching longer than the last. I reach into my pocket, bracing myself

Firey opens the door, his face lighting up with a broad smile when he sees me. For a split second, he seems genuinely thrilled to see me, his eyes sparkling with excitement. I immediately let go of the knife.

"Match! What are you doing here?" he asks, clearly pleased at my unexpected visit. His reaction tells me he thought I was here to see him, and the warmth in his voice is almost enough to make me second-guess my plans.

I quickly push aside my discomfort, feeling the cold metal of the knife pressing against my leg.

"I'm not here to hang out," I say, trying to keep my tone firm and focused. "I need to talk to Pin. Is she here?"

Firey's smile fades, and he looks down, his shoulders slumping slightly.

"Oh," he says, his enthusiasm giving way to a more subdued expression. "Yeah, she's here." He opens the door wider, stepping aside to let me in. His eyes linger on me with disappointment, but I don't acknowledge it.

Pin is on the couch, completely absorbed in a movie that's playing on the TV. The room is bathed in the soft, flickering light of the screen, creating a cozy, almost dreamlike atmosphere. The Christmas decorations are still up, the twinkling lights and colorful ornaments adding a touch of holiday cheer to the otherwise tense situation.

"Pin," I call out, my voice carrying a note of urgency. "I need to talk to you. Privately." I shoot a glance back at Firey, who is standing in the doorway looking awkward and a bit hurt.

Pin looks up from the TV, her eyes widening in surprise.

"Match?" she says, clearly caught off guard. "Oh, um, sure..." She hesitates, glancing back at the paused movie before reluctantly getting up. She heads toward her room, and I follow, my thoughts racing with growing determination.

As we walk to her room, I feel the knife in my pocket, its weight a constant reminder of the mission I've set for myself. Pin opens the door to her room and steps aside, allowing me to enter. I close the door behind us and quickly lock it.

Pin sits on her bed, her posture tense and her eyes studying me with a mix of curiosity and concern.

"So, what's up?" she asks, trying to sound casual but clearly anxious.

Kill her.

"Where's Coiny?" I ask straightaway, cutting to the chase. "I know you two are close. Is he around?"

Pin's face brightens, and she seems to relax a bit.

"Oh, Coiny? He's actually at his old apartment right now," she explains, her eyes sparkling with excitement. "He's been moving some stuff over since he's moving in with me. Can you believe it? He even asked me to be his girlfriend yesterday. Isn't that sweet?"

Her enthusiasm about Coiny and their relationship pisses me off even more. The fact that Coiny isn't around is a small relief. At least he won't be here to stop me.

Pin continues to chatter about her relationship with Coiny, sharing details about their recent conversations and plans. I zone out, my mind fixated on the task at hand. Her personal life seems irrelevant compared to the pressing matter I've come here for.

Kill pin.

"Match!" Pin's voice cuts through my thoughts, pulling me back to the present. "What did you want to talk about?" She tilts her head, her curiosity mixed with unease.

I take a deep breath and step closer to her, the weight of the pocket knife feeling heavier than ever.

"It's about Ruby," I begin, trying to keep my voice steady despite

the tension. Pin's face goes pale, and her shoulders tense up as she processes my words.

She doesn't deserve to live.

"I've been thinking a lot about how unfair it is," I continue, struggling to keep my emotions in check. "You're still here, living and moving on, while Ruby's... gone. It just doesn't make sense to me."

Pin's fear is palpable. Her eyes dart around the room as if searching for an escape.

The knife in my pocket feels like a heavy burden. The room feels smaller, the soft glow of the TV casting eerie shadows that make the situation feel even more surreal.

"It's not just about fairness," I say, taking another step closer. "It's about what's right, Pin. Ruby didn't deserve what happened to her. And here you are, living your life while she's... gone."

"I mean, I wasn't planning on living, I didn't think I would survive." Pin says with a nervous chuckle, her voice trembling slightly. Her attempt at humor doesn't reach her eyes, which are wide with fear.

"Oh, okay then," I reply, my tone flat as I pull out the knife. The metal gleams ominously in the dim light of the room. Pin's eyes dart to the knife, and her face pales. She immediately stands up and takes a hesitant step backward.

"Match, you're scaring me," Pin mumbles, her voice barely more than a whisper. She moves towards the door, her hand trembling as she reaches for the handle.

"I'm just doing what's right for Ruby," I say, my voice low and strained. Pin's eyes widen in terror, and she grabs the door handle, desperately trying to open it and escape.

Kill her.

Without thinking, I lunge forward and grab her arm with a tight grip. Pin gasps in shock as I yank her down to the floor. She tumbles onto the carpet with a thud, her scream echoing through the room.

Instinctively, she kicks and thrashes, trying to free herself from my hold.

Pin writhes beneath me, her movements frantic and desperate. Her hands claw at my arms, her nails digging into my skin with painful intensity. Her cries for help fill the room, growing more frantic with each passing second.

"Get off!" she screams, her voice breaking with panic.

I bring the pocket knife up, my hands shaking with a mix of anger and fear. I try to stab her, but my aim is shaky, and the blade misses its target repeatedly, slamming into the carpet instead. Each failed attempt only fuels my frustration as Pin continues to scream and struggle beneath me.

"Match, please stop!" she begs, her voice hoarse with desperation. Her nails dig deeper into my arms, drawing lines of red that start to mix with the sweat and fear on my skin. Her pleas only seem to sharpen my resolve, making my heart race faster.

"I'm not stopping until you're dead!" I scream back, my voice echoing with raw fury. The knife, now gripped firmly in my hand, comes down with renewed force. This time, it connects with her forearm. I hear a sickening crunch as the blade pierces through flesh and bone. Pin's scream turns into a guttural cry of pain as blood gushes out, staining the carpet in a dark crimson.

Pin's screams beneath me as I dig the knife deeper into her arm. Her cries are louder now, mingling with the sound of my heavy, labored breathing. Her movements become more erratic, her kicks losing their strength as the pain overwhelms her.

Determined to finish what I've started, I pull the knife back and aim for her chest. The air is thick with the metallic scent of blood and the pungent odor of fear. Pin's eyes are wide with horror.

I'm jolted out of my daze by the sudden sensation of hands gripping me. Startled, I look back to see Firey's face twisted with horror. He's pulling me away from Pin, his strength overpowering me as he yanks me off her.

"What the fuck are you doing?!" Firey shouts, his voice a harsh, jagged edge slicing through the thick tension in the room. His eyes blaze with fury and disbelief as he grabs the knife from my trembling hand, wrenching it away with a forceful jerk.

Pin, now free from my hold, scrambles against the wall, her back pressed against it as she clutches her injured arm. Her face is a mask of pain and horror, her eyes streaming with tears that mix with the blood staining her skin.

Pin's cries pierce the air, each one a raw, guttural sound of pain and desperation. Blood pools around her on the carpet, the dark red spreading out like a gruesome halo. Her breaths come in shallow, ragged gasps, and her body trembles with each sob. The stark contrast between her vibrant life and her current state is heart-wrenching, a brutal reminder of the violence that has unfolded.

"What is wrong with you, Match?!" Firey's voice is a mixture of anger and disbelief as he stands over me. I push myself up from where I've fallen, trying to regain some semblance of composure.

"What's wrong with me? What's wrong with her!" I scream back, my voice trembling with a mix of rage and frustration as I point towards Pin. "Pin should be dead! Ruby fucking died but Pin didn't!"

Firey's face flushes with a mixture of anger and sorrow.

"Ruby killed herself! It was her choice! Pin *tried* to kill herself too! You can't just kill her because she didn't die!" he exclaims, his voice rising with each word.

"Ruby was seeing Leafy!" I plead, my voice breaking. "It wasn't fair that she died and Pin didn't!"

"You don't know shit about Leafy!" Firey shouts, his eyes brimming with tears. "You can't just decide what's fair and what isn't!"

The argument rages on, our voices filling the room as Pin continues to cry on the floor. The blood around her has slowed but is still staining her clothes and the carpet. Her sobs are almost drowned out by our heated exchange.

Suddenly, a new voice cuts through the chaos.

"What the fuck happened?" Coiny's voice is filled with shock and confusion. I glance over Firey's shoulder to see Coiny standing in the doorway, his eyes wide with horror. He rushes to Pin, his face a mixture of concern and heartbreak. Gently, he helps her up, his hands moving carefully as he checks her injuries. He presses tender kisses to her forehead, his movements both comforting and urgent.

"Get the fuck out of here," Firey snaps, his voice sharp as he pushes me towards the door. "I can't believe I'm related to you." His words are laced with a deep sense of betrayal and disgust.

"I wish I wasn't related to you, fuckface!" I shout back, shoving him away with all my strength. I storm out of the room, leaving a trail of blood in my wake. The crimson streaks mark my path as I leave the apartment, the reality of what I've done weighing heavily on me.

As I walk down the hall, blood drips from my hands, staining everything I touch. The snow outside is starting to turn red as it mixes with the blood that's washed off my boots. It's a surreal, haunting sight, the white of the snow contrasting sharply with the dark stains. Everyone stares at me, shocked. Some scream and some start whispering to their friends.

Halfway home, I see Pencil running towards me. Her eyes widen in shock and concern as she takes in the sight of the blood covering me. She instinctively takes a step back, her face a mask of worry.

"I was getting worried, you were gone for almost an hour... what happened? Is this your blood?" she asks, her voice trembling slightly as she takes in the gruesome sight.

I shake my head, unable to meet her gaze.

"It's Pin's blood," I mumble, continuing to walk despite the cold. "I tried killing her. I know it's crazy, but she doesn't deserve to live! Not after Ruby died!"

Pencil's expression is genuine concern. She reaches out to hold my hand, the blood transferring to her but seemingly not bothering her.

"Is she dead?" she asks softly, her eyes searching mine for answers.

"No," I say quietly. "Firey got to me before I could finish it."

Pencil sighs, disappointment crossing her face.

"Next time, let me have the knife," she says, her voice low but resolute. "I could've killed her."

Before I can respond, she leans in and kisses me, her lips warm against my cold, blood-streaked face. It's a strange, unsettling comfort amidst the chaos.

We stand there for a moment, the snow continuing to fall gently around us, washing the blood from my boots and leaving a faint trail of red in its wake.

Yikers!!!!!! 😼

Sorru this took a day i was busy (playing bee swarm simulator.) anyway!!!! Hope you guys liked this chapter and THANK YOU FOR 2.5K READS I LOVE YOU GUYS!!!!!!!!! 🫦🫦

(Also just im case you guys couldnt tell the voices who said '*kill her'* and *'kill pin'* were NOT leafy!! It was matches own thoughts!!)

-sashay!!

Bandages

Pin

"I wasn't expecting you to be here so soon," Golfball says, walking towards me with an armful of supplies. The room is dimly lit, the glow from various monitors casting eerie shadows on the walls. Tools and gadgets clutter the workbenches, a testament to Golfball's meticulous nature.

"I wasn't either," I mumble, glancing down at my arm. It's still bleeding, staining a lot of Golfball's furniture with crimson spots. She frowns when she sees the blood everywhere. The pain keeps getting worse, each pang shooting straight through the wound, making it hard to focus on anything else.

Coiny and Firey are outside of Golfball's factory, their voices raised in argument. Even through Golfball's loud ranting, I can hear snippets of their heated exchange.

"So, Match stabbed you, huh?" Golfball questions, eyeing my arm with a mixture of concern and curiosity. I nod weakly, my vision blurring slightly from the pain and blood loss.

"I knew she was insane. I never really liked her, you know? I don't like anyone, actually," Golfball says, ranting about herself. She continues talking while she rummages through a drawer, pulling out a sterile bandage.

"How's your chest doing?" Golfball asks, gently grabbing my arm. I immediately wince and cry out as she touches it, the pain sharp and immediate. She flinches a little at my reaction, looking up at me with an apologetic expression.

"Stop overreacting. You'll be fine," she assures, trying to lighten the mood. *I won't be fine, though. What if Match tries to kill me again? What*

if Firey isn't there? What if I die?

Golfball carefully wraps my arm in a bandage, her hands steady despite the situation. She ties a knot at the end, but blood immediately starts seeping through the cloth. The red stains spread quickly, creating a gruesome contrast against the white fabric.

"You make my life hard," she groans, cutting the bandage off with a pair of scissors.

"Sorry," I mumble, feeling guilty. Golfball gently rolls her eyes at me and grabs more bandages from a nearby drawer. She wraps it up again, tighter this time. I softly cry out in pain as she ties the knot, the pressure both soothing and agonizing.

"Your arm is severely broken. It might take months to heal," Golfball says, her tone more serious now. "You shouldn't do anything with it."

"I'll try not to," I say, managing a weak smile despite the pain.

"Don't end up back here for some stupid reason," she says, following me to the door. Golfball crosses her arms, looking pissed. But after spending all that time with her, I know she wants me to be careful. I see a glimmer of disappointment in her eyes as I walk out, her stern facade slipping for just a moment.

I wave her goodbye with my free hand, the motion causing another sharp pang of pain in my injured arm. Coiny and Firey are still yelling at each other outside, their voices carrying in the cold evening air.

"Match wouldn't go that far!" Firey shouts, his voice echoing off the factory walls.

"Well, she tried! You can't just let her do whatever she wants!" Coiny yells back, his face red with anger. Once he sees me, he immediately stops and rushes over to hug me, his arms wrapping around me tightly.

"You okay?" Coiny asks, pulling back to give a quick kiss on my cheek. His eyes are filled with concern, scanning my face for any signs of distress.

"Yeah, Golfball said it's broken," I mumble, watching Coiny as he gently holds the arm, inspecting it. His touch is gentle, but the pain is still there, throbbing with every heartbeat.

"No kidding," he says, barely above a whisper. "Match messed it up pretty bad."

"I'm fine, really," I mumble, pulling my hand away, wincing. Coiny doesn't believe me, but he lets it go. Firey's arms are crossed as he watches us, his expression a mix of worry and frustration.

"You don't look fine," Firey says, concern evident in his voice. The cold wind ruffles his hair, adding to the tension in the air.

"I wonder why," Coiny snaps back at Firey, his voice dripping with sarcasm. "It's because of your fucking sister!"

"Don't talk about my sister!" Firey shouts.

"She tried killing Pin!" Coiny yells, his face contorted with rage.

"She had her reasons!" Firey pleads, desperation and frustration evident in his eyes.

"Oh, so just because her friend killed herself, she can go ahead and kill people now? That's a great reason!" Coiny retorts, his voice laced with bitterness. I groan inwardly at their incessant bickering. It's 8 PM, and most people are probably getting ready for bed.

"Look, I'm not saying what she did was okay, I never said that but __"

"Can we go home?" I speak up, my voice barely above a whisper as I interrupt Firey. Coiny looks back at me, his expression softening instantly.

"Yeah. It's dark anyway," he mumbles. We start walking back to our apartment, Firey trailing behind us with his arms crossed. Coiny holds my good hand, gently stroking it with his thumb. The soothing gesture would usually make me feel safe, but the pain in my arm overpowers any comfort I might feel.

As we reach the apartment, Coiny helps me inside. The sight of blood on the carpet immediately makes me feel sick. Blood is splattered all over the living room, likely from Match. The smell of iron fills my nose, making my stomach churn.

The room is even worse. Blood stains the walls, and a giant pool of blood sits in the middle of the carpet. The stench of metallic blood fills the air, making me feel nauseous. Coiny sees the tension in my shoulders.

"You wanna sleep in my room tonight?" he asks, eyeing the blood.

But I don't respond to him. I feel Match's hands on me again, the knife stabbing through me. The memory is vivid. I remember the cold steel of the blade slicing through my skin, the burning pain that followed. I remember the look in Match's eyes—cold, determined, and filled with hatred. I hear my own screams and cries echoing in my mind, the raw terror I felt as she attacked me. It feels like I'm dying all over again.

"Yeah," I mumble, still staring at the blood. The sight of it brings the memories flooding back, each one more painful than the last.

As we head towards Coiny's room, Firey stops us for a second.

"Wait, where are you guys going?" he asks, looking up from his phone.

"I think I want to sleep at Coiny's place for now... there's too much blood in my room," I say, glancing back at the gruesome scene.

"Can I—"

"I don't have any room for you," Coiny immediately cuts Firey off, dragging me out of the apartment.

Once we get to Coiny's place, I quickly get settled in. I've been here many times, but this time feels a little more awkward. His room is messy, clothes scattered everywhere. The dim light casts long shadows, adding to the eerie feeling that lingers from earlier.

"I'm really sorry about today," Coiny mumbles, handing me two

pills for the pain. I take them gratefully, quickly swallowing them down with water. I gently place the cup down, then lay back down in bed. The pain in my arm is a constant reminder of what happened, each throb sending a jolt through my body.

"It's fine, it's not your fault anyway," I say, trying to offer a small smile. Coiny frowns, giving my head a quick kiss. He hops in bed next to me, grabbing his phone.

I slowly fall asleep to the sound of Coiny's phone. The volume is low, but still at a level where I can hear it. Coiny's bed is way bigger than mine, but he still chooses to stay close to me, his presence a small comfort amidst the pain and fear.

As I drift off, the memories of the attack replay in my mind. I see Match's face twisted in anger, feel the sharp sting of the knife as it plunges into my arm. I hear my own screams, the desperate cries for help that went unanswered. The fear is overwhelming, a suffocating presence that lingers even in sleep.

In my dreams, I'm back in that moment, reliving the horror over and over. I see the blood, feel the pain, and hear the screams. The terror is all-consuming, a nightmare from which I can't escape. Even in sleep, the memory of the attack haunts me, a constant reminder of the danger that still looms.

As the night wears on, I wake frequently, each time gasping for breath and drenched in sweat. The pain in my arm is relentless, a throbbing ache that never goes away. Coiny stays close, his presence a small comfort amidst the fear and pain. But even his comforting presence can't chase away the nightmares that plague me, the memories of the attack that continue to haunt me.

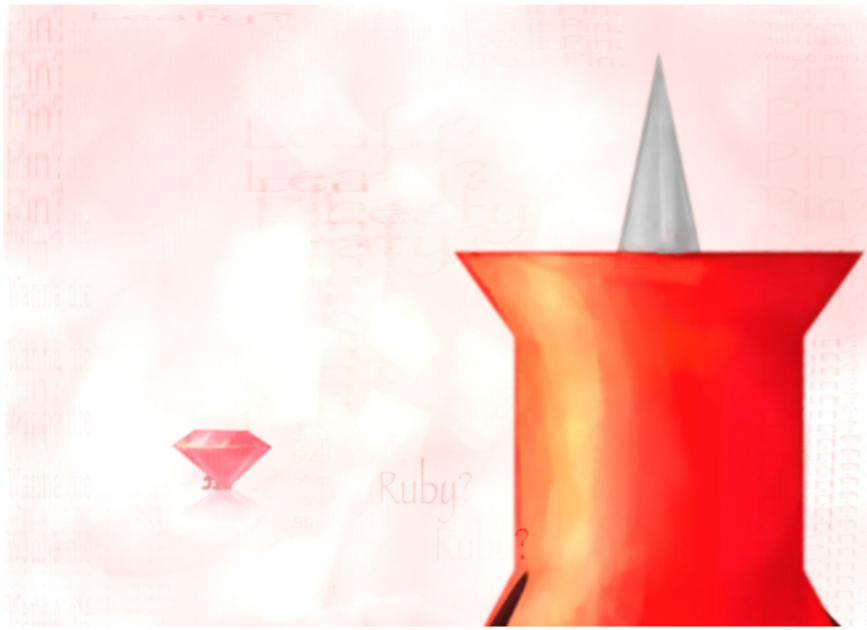
I'm exhausted, both physically and emotionally. The pain in my arm is still there, a constant reminder of what happened.

As I try to get comfortable again, Coiny hesitates before gently draping an arm over me. It's not much, but the warmth and the closeness help a little. His touch is tentative, as if he's afraid of hurting me or crossing a boundary, but it's comforting all the same.

He stays like that, his arm resting lightly over me, providing a small sense of security. It's not much, but it's enough to help me feel a bit safer as I drift back into an uneasy sleep. Coiny's presence, his warmth, and his quiet support make the unbearable pain feel just a little bit better.

I'm sorry Pin.

Ughgugh GUYS THE GOLFBALL PLUSH JUST CAME OUT AS IM WRITING THIS IM GONNA BUY IT GB IS A TOP 5 I NEED



ˆ something i made for that ruby/pin chapter but i gave up on it cause i thought it looked weird but its whatever!!

-sashay!!

It's been a while

Firey

It's been almost a week since Match stabbed Pin's arm. She really messed it up pretty badly, leaving a deep, jagged wound that's taking its time to heal. I'm mad at Match, furious even, but I can't bring myself to hate her completely. She's my sister, and that bond complicates things in ways I wish it didn't.

Pin has been officially living with Coiny now. She moved into his place, saying our old place was filled with bad memories she couldn't stand to face anymore. It's understandable, given everything that's happened. Despite her own troubles, she's let me stay here for now, assuring me she doesn't mind. Sometimes, she even stops by to check if I'm doing okay, which I really appreciate.

Coiny, on the other hand, doesn't really want me in his apartment. He doesn't trust me, and he's made it clear he thinks I'm somewhat associated with the whole Match situation. It's frustrating because I had nothing to do with it, but I understand his protectiveness over Pin.

I sit on the couch, feeling the worn fabric beneath me as my mind wanders. I'm stuck in a loop of thoughts, wondering what I should do next. Part of me wants to leave this whole situation alone, to let time heal the wounds. But another part of me feels compelled to visit Leafy's grave, to find some kind of closure. Even if her body isn't there, I want to be near the place that holds her memory.

I get up from the couch, shoving my phone into my pocket. The small, cold weight of it is grounding. I lock the door behind me with a click, though I know no one else would want to be here anyway.

As I step outside, the sharp winter air hits me, making me shiver. It's almost 6 PM, and the sun is barely hanging over Yoyle Mountain,

casting long shadows in the snow. I start walking towards the grave, my footsteps crunching in the fresh snow with each step.

When I reach the mountain, I gently sit down by the grave. The hole that Pin dug up all those days ago is now filled with snow, a stark white contrast to the dark earth beneath. Pin's blood still stains the dirt and snow, a dark reminder of the violence and pain we've endured.

Her blood is a painful reminder of her attempt, a physical manifestation of her anguish. It's a reminder of Leafy, of everything we've lost. This past month, Pin and I have been searching for clues about Leafy, each lead a thread we've followed to its bitter end. Clues about what happened to her, only to hit dead ends. I don't even know if Leafy is dead. The uncertainty gnaws at me, a constant, aching question.

Leafy could be right behind me, waiting to stab me, her presence a ghostly whisper in the wind. She could be dead, watching over me, her spirit a silent guardian. She could be alive, hiding somewhere, her fate a mystery. But would that mean my visions of Leafy were real? It wasn't my imagination, and Leafy was actually here the whole time? The thought twists in my mind, a tangle of hope and dread.

I sigh, bringing my knees up to my chest. I hold them tight, my arms a protective cage around my vulnerability. My eyes water, the tears hot against the chill of the air. *I miss you, Leafy. Even with everything that's happened, I can't help but miss you. You mean so much to me, more than words can capture.*

I feel warmth spread through me, a sudden, startling contrast to the cold. It's like a fire has been lit inside me, spreading quickly, consuming everything. *Only, it is a fire.*

Fire circles around the grave, bursting into large flames that lick at the sky. Snow melts immediately, the water too weak against the inferno. I stand up quickly, my heart pounding, scurrying away from the fire. The fire circles me and the grave, the flames forming a barrier, leaving me nowhere to go.

I walk backward, feeling the intense heat on my skin, the air shimmering with it. I scream for help, my voice raw and desperate, just hoping someone can hear me.

"Hello?" I gasp out, the smoke clogging my throat. "Can someone hear me!" I exclaim. I try to scream, but all that comes out is a choke. I fall to my knees as the flames grow bigger, hotter.

I hunch over by Leafy's tombstone, wishing it could somehow protect me from the flames. I feel myself start to tremble, the fire roaring around me. Just as I'm about to scream for help again, the fire suddenly stops.

The flames extinguish as quickly as they appeared, leaving the grass charred and the air thick with smoke. Even though the fire is gone, I still feel the heat lingering on my skin, like burns covering my body.

I gasp for air, my body shuddering from the shock.

Am I hallucinating? Was the fire real?

I knock on Coiny's door, hoping to speak with Pin. My skin still feels like it's on fire, even after I've left the grave.

Coiny opens the door, lingering by it. He stares at me for a moment, his expression unreadable.

"Firey? What do you want?" he asks, his tone more curious than rude.

"I want to talk with Pin," I say, my throat still feeling raw from the smoke.

"Why?" he questions, eyeing me suspiciously. I sigh, frustration bubbling up.

"It's none of your business Coiny," I state, trying to keep my voice steady. Coiny narrows his eyes at me.

"She's my girlfriend, of course it's my business!" he snaps. He starts to close the door, but I stop him.

"It's about Leafy," I start, desperation creeping into my voice. "I really need to talk with Pin."

"Exactly what about Leafy?" Coiny asks, his eyes narrowing further.

"Coiny! Just let me talk to Pin, damn it! Stop questioning everything!" I shout, my patience wearing thin. Coiny sighs and finally opens the door fully.

I've never actually been in Coiny's apartment before. The layout is completely different from Pin's place. Pin is sitting on the floor in the middle of the living room. She has a board in front of her with some scattered cards and dice. She's on her phone but looks up when I enter.

"Oh, hi Firey!" Pin greets me, a slight smile on her face. Coiny groans a little, muttering something under his breath. He sits down in front of Pin, rolling some dice.

"Hey," I mumble, feeling awkward standing by the door. "I wanted to talk to you."

"Yeah, what's up?" she asks, putting down her phone. She picks up a card with her good hand and signals for me to sit with them. I slowly walk over and sit down next to her and Coiny.

"It's about Leafy," I start. Pin immediately sighs, putting her card down.

"Firey," she mumbles, her tone weary. I shake my head, trying to make her understand.

"You have to listen, please. It's important," I say.

"Uh huh... I thought we were over this Leafy thing," Pin questions, rolling some dice absently.

"I know, we are, but I think you should know something," I mumble. Pin looks at me, her eyes tired, almost begging for me to

drop the subject. Maybe they are; Pin's had enough of the Leafy drama.

"Go on," she says after a while, sighing heavily.

"So, I was at Leafy's grave," I begin.

"It's not her grave. It's just some dumb rock with her name carved onto it," Pin interrupts me, her tone harsh.

"Right, well, I saw something. While I was there, a fire started. It's gone now, but there was a fire. It was in a circle, circling me and the grave."

Pin looks up at me, her expression curious but skeptical.

"Were you seeing things, or did you actually see it? Two different things," Pin asks, pausing from the game. Coiny scoffs as Pin focuses on me.

"No, it was real, I swear. I felt it," I plead. Pin nods slowly, taking in my words.

"Is that all?" she asks, her impatience ticking by the second.

"Yeah," I reply.

"Okay, bye," Pin says, dismissing me. I shake my head in disbelief.

"Wait, what?" I question. "You're not gonna do anything?"

"What is there to do, Firey?" she exclaims. "I'm sick of all this Leafy shit. Please, can't I just have a break? Leafy's dead, or maybe she isn't! And I don't really care if she's alive!"

"Pin! Listen to me! Please. You're alive for a reason, Leafy kept you alive," I plead desperately.

"You think Leafy is the reason I didn't die?" Pin exclaims, her voice rising. "Newsflash! It was Golfball! She was the reason I didn't die!"

"You could've died, though. I just know it was Leafy. Leafy didn't

let you die for a reason; she needs you," I insist.

"And Ruby? Why did she die?" Pin asks, frowning deeply.

"Ruby's death was a cry for help, it was a warning!" I urge, leaning closer, my heart pounding in my chest. Pin sighs heavily, shaking her head in disbelief.

"Firey, look," she says, her voice softer now, tinged with exhaustion. "I know you were close with Leafy and all...but just let her go. If anything, do this by yourself. Please don't involve me with Leafy. Okay?" Pin stands up, her movements slow and deliberate. She gently pushes me towards the door, her touch firm but not unkind.

"But Pin! You have to listen!" I plead, my voice rising again, panic setting in. Pin just shakes her head, her eyes filled with sorrow as she continues to push me out the door.

"I'm sorry, Firey, but you're on your own. Good luck," she says, her voice barely above a whisper, before closing the door on me. The click of the door shutting feels like a finality I'm not ready to accept.

I stand there, staring at the closed door. Desperation wells up inside me, and I knock loudly on the door, my heart racing.

"Pin!" I exclaim, my voice breaking. Tears well up in my eyes, blurring my vision. "Pin, please!" I beg, my voice choked with emotion. The silence that greets me is deafening, each second stretching into an eternity. I know she hears me. She's just ignoring me.

I sink to my knees, my body trembling with the weight of it all. The cold air bites at my skin, but I barely feel it, lost in the overwhelming sense of helplessness. I bury my face in my hands, the tears flowing freely now, each one a testament to the pain and confusion swirling inside me.

If she doesn't want to listen to you, make her.

After this chapter theres only gonna be 4/6 more left!!! I did not realize how quickly the fanfic was going by 💔 and i know i said i

would take a break BUT I JUST WANT TO FINISH THIS FANFIC AS WUICK AS POSSIBKE🧢🧢🧢🧢

Anyway my head hurts AGAIN what is up with my head always hurting when i write a chapter?? Also so sorry this is short i hate writing short chapters but i have no choice

-sashay!!

Nightmares

Pin

Ever since Firey stopped by, I couldn't stop thinking about Leafy. Even though I want nothing to do with her, it still feels like I have to. It feels like I'm supposed to help. *Am I only alive because of Leafy?*

I'm lying down on the cold, unforgiving ground, the only thing enveloping me is deep, suffocating darkness. It's a heavy, oppressive kind of darkness that presses down on my chest, making it hard to breathe. The air around me is thick and stagnant, carrying a faint, almost imperceptible scent of decay.

I can hear Leafy, feel her presence hovering just behind me, a constant reminder that I can never escape. Her whispers are soft, barely more than a breath against my ear, but they aren't saying anything I can understand. They're just there, an endless, incomprehensible murmur that sets my nerves on edge, making my skin prickle with unease.

I close my eyes, hoping to find some comfort in the darkness behind my eyelids. The floor beneath me is cold, almost icy, and it feels like the darkness is seeping into me, wrapping around my bones and settling into my very soul. The chill creeps up my spine, making me shiver despite myself. My thoughts are a jumbled mess, a whirlwind of confusion and fear, and I can't seem to find any clarity in the storm raging inside my mind.

"Why can't you leave me alone," I mumble, my voice barely more than a whisper, keeping my eyes tightly shut. I don't want to see her. I don't want to face whatever she's become. The weight of her presence is almost too much to bear, pressing down on me like a physical force. I feel Leafy sit down next to me, her hands gentle as they stroke my hair, a gesture that once might have been comforting but now only fills me with dread. Her touch is light, almost tender,

but it sends a shiver of fear down my spine.

"It's not that easy, Pin," she whispers, her voice filled with sadness and regret. I can tell she's frowning, even without looking at her.

"I wish I could, but it's not up to me. I can't control it," she mutters, continuing to stroke my hair in a rhythmic, almost hypnotic motion. The rhythm of her touch is almost soothing, but the words she speaks are anything but. They're a reminder of the things I'd rather forget, of the darkness that seems to follow me no matter where I go.

I keep my eyes closed, trying to block out the sensation of her fingers in my hair, trying to pretend that I'm anywhere but here. I'm scared that if I open them, I'll see something I can't unsee, something that will haunt me forever. The fear is a tight knot in my chest, making it hard to breathe, making my heart race with anxiety.

"Why are you doing this?" I mumble, the question more for myself than for her. It's a question I've asked myself a thousand times, but I still don't have an answer. I hear Leafy sigh softly, her voice so quiet it's almost lost in the darkness. Her sigh is a soft, mournful sound, filled with a sadness that seems to echo in the emptiness around us.

"I never meant for it to go this far, really." She pauses, and I feel her hands leave my hair, the sudden absence of her touch almost as unsettling as her presence. "I tried to stop it. I didn't mean for it to reach you, and Ruby, and...the others." Her words hang in the air, heavy with regret, and I can feel the weight of them pressing down on me, suffocating me with their implications.

"Others?" I ask, my voice rising in panic and confusion. I sit up abruptly, opening my eyes despite my fear. The darkness around me seems to pulse and shift, but I force myself to focus on Leafy. She's sitting there, looking so gentle and innocent, like she hasn't done anything wrong. A part of me wants to believe her, to believe that she never did any of this. Another part of me wants to jump on her and strangle her to death for all the pain she's caused.

Her eyes meet mine, and they're soft and pleading, filled with a sorrow that cuts me to the core. There's a desperation in her gaze, a silent plea for understanding, for forgiveness.

"What others?" I exclaim, my voice trembling with fear and anger. Leafy continues to stare at me, her eyes silently begging for understanding, for forgiveness. She doesn't say anything, and the silence stretches between us, heavy and unbearable. I reach out for Leafy, my hand shaking as I try to grab her arm, to shake some sense into her, to make her explain, to make her stop.

Before I can reach her, I feel a sharp, cold hand grab me. It digs into my skin, the pain immediate and excruciating, and I can feel blood slowly seeping from the wound. I cry out in pain, my voice echoing in the darkness, hoping someone, anyone, can hear me. But the darkness is all-encompassing, swallowing my cries and leaving me feeling more alone and helpless than ever. The cold hand is like a vice, its grip unyielding and merciless, and I can feel its icy touch spreading through me, numbing my limbs.

Leafy is no longer there. She's gone, vanished into the darkness, but I can still hear her whispers, like she's right next to me, her voice a constant, haunting presence that I can't escape. I struggle against the grip of the cold hand, clawing at it with my free hand, desperate to break free. My screams fill the air, raw and desperate, but they seem to fall on deaf ears. The darkness around me is impenetrable, a void that swallows all sound, all light, all hope.

I find myself in a familiar place, the hand still grasping me, the pain slowly subsiding but still present, a dull throb that reminds me of my helplessness. I'm sitting down, in front of a familiar grave. The hand's grip tightens, and another cold hand grasps my other arm, the one that's still healing. I cry out in pain, feeling the bones breaking all over again, the agony almost too much to bear. The familiar grave is a stark reminder of everything I've lost, of everything that's been taken from me.

I have no control over what's happening. The hands force my arms towards a familiar shovel, one that I've seen before, one that I know all too well. I scream and cry, pleading for them to stop, but my voice is lost in the darkness. The shovel is heavy in my hands, its weight a crushing burden, and I can feel the cold metal against my skin, a harsh reminder of what's to come.

My hands are being controlled, moving against my will. I'm about

to die all over again, and there's nothing I can do about it. I feel the metal of the shovel plunge into my chest, the pain sharp and all-consuming, breaking a couple of ribs. The pain is overwhelming, a blinding agony that takes my breath away, that makes everything else fade into the background.

I sit up abruptly, cold sweat clinging to my skin, my heart pounding in my chest. I hold my chest, the pain from all those days ago still there, a constant reminder of what I went through. But somehow, it felt like the wound was reopened, like I died again. The memory of the pain is so vivid, so real, that I can still feel it, a phantom ache that lingers in my bones.

I look around frantically, praying that I'm alive, that it was just a dream. I'm in Coiny's room, far from Leafy's grave, far from the darkness and the pain. I sit up a little more, my heart still beating erratically. I hear some groaning and shuffling next to me, and I see Coiny slowly waking up, his words muffled by the pillow.

"Pin?" he mumbles, pushing himself up from the bed. He rubs his eyes with the back of his hand, yawning. He blinks a couple of times before looking at me, concern etched on his sleepy face. His eyes are heavy with sleep, but there's a softness in his gaze, a warmth that helps to ground me, to remind me that I'm safe.

"What happened?" he asks, sitting up against me, his voice groggy with sleep. He reaches out to touch my arm, his fingers gentle and reassuring, a stark contrast to the cold hands in my dream.

"Nothing. It was just a dream about Leafy," I mumble, trying to assure him, to assure myself. Coiny nods slowly, his eyes barely open, but I can see the concern in them, the worry that he's trying to hide.

"You okay?" he questions, pressing a lazy, comforting kiss to my head. His lips are warm and soft, a gentle reminder that I'm not alone, that there's someone here who cares.

"Yeah..." I mumble, knowing it's a lie. "Yeah, I'm okay,"

-

I couldn't let the dream go, the way Leafy talked with me. I don't even know if that was Leafy or just my dream.

I'm walking through the city, trying to get my mind off of it. I've been aware all of my senses, looking around every corner to make sure Match isn't lurking somewhere trying to kill me.

The sun is barely up, it still being early morning. Snow falls gently, a chilly, cold breeze. I hug myself as I walk though the city, shivers striking my body. I feel a hand on my shoulder.

I reach for my pocket with my pocket knife just in case it's Match. I turn to see Gaty, I immediately let go of the knife and pull my hand back.

Gaty is one of the only newer people I know, we barely talk, if we do it's about Leafy.

"Gaty?" I question, looking at her in surprise. She gives me a gentle smile.

"Hey Pin, I wanted to talk," She mumbles, starting to walk. I catch up to her, walking by her side.

"Yeah, what up?" I ask. Gaty sighs, looking down.

"It's Leafy, I want to know more about her." She starts, still looking down. My body tenses at the mention of Leafy. Gaty notices it and she tenses up too.

"What do you want to know about her?" I ask. Gaty already knows some of the basic things.

"Everything that you're able to tell me." She says. I think about it for a little, I don't know if she should know.

"Did something happen recently?" I question, trying to avoid the subject.

"Yeah, sort of. I've been seeing Leafy again, I thought she went away for good. Every time I see her she asks for help." Gaty mumbles, still looking down. Almost like she's embarrassed to talk about this.

"What kind of help?" I ask, feeling an uneasy dread fall upon me.

"She would scream and cry, begging for help. Begging to be freed. I don't know how to stop it, I just thought you would know more about it?" She explains.

"I've seen Leafy before, but not like that." I mumble, trying to think of all the possibilities. "I'm sorry Gaty, I don't really have anything to tell you." I say, looking down at her. She finally looks up at me, sighing.

"It's okay, I get it." She says, nodding. She waves before heading off in her own direction.

I continue walking, feeling my mind race with thoughts. All my thoughts lead back to my dream. I still can't stop thinking about the way Leafy talked to me. It felt like it was real, it felt like the real Leafy I knew. I just wish the dream didn't spiral back to my death.

I find myself walking towards Yoyle Mountain, towards a familiar spot. The sun is slowly starting to rise, casting a pale, golden light over the landscape. The early morning sky is painted with hues of pink and orange, creating a serene backdrop that contrasts sharply with the turmoil in my mind. As I ascend the mountain, I see a giant outline of burnt grass circling the grave.

Firey wasn't lying.

Snow refuses to fall inside the circle, almost as if there's still a fire there, smoldering just beneath the surface. The air is crisp and cold, each breath I take forming a small cloud of mist in front of me. I kneel down by the tombstone, observing it closely. The stillness around me is almost oppressive, the silence broken only by the faint rustling of the wind through the trees.

I turn to my side and see blood staining the grass. *My blood*. A wave of nausea washes over me, and I quickly look away, the memory of that night crashing over me like a tidal wave. The sight of my own blood, a stark reminder of the pain and fear I endured, makes my stomach churn. I take a deep breath and force myself to look back at Leafy's tombstone. The cracks are visible, spiderwebbing across the

stone. Each line seems to tell a story of pain and betrayal, and I can't help but feel a pang of guilt.

I wish I had never dug up her grave that night, but it was the only way to stop the voices. Ever since that night, I haven't heard Leafy. Maybe once or twice, but it was purely my imagination. I haven't seen Leafy either, only in my dreams. Her presence lingers, like a shadow that refuses to fade. The memory of her voice, her touch, haunts me, and I find myself constantly questioning whether she's truly gone.

That specific night did a lot of good and bad to me. Leafy left me alone, but now she's bothering Gaty. I feel bad for Gaty; I hope she'll be okay. I hope she doesn't end up like Ruby. The thought of losing someone else, of seeing another friend succumb to the darkness, is almost too much to bear.

I hope the Ruby situation never happens again.

I sigh, relaxing a little as I feel snow land in my hair. A soft reminder of everything that's happened, a reminder that I'm still alive and okay. The snowflakes melt as they touch my skin, a fleeting moment of coldness that grounds me in reality.

Everything's going to be okay, no more deaths, no more Leafy. I repeat this mantra to myself, hoping that if I say it enough, it will become true.

I gently smile to myself as I stand up. I brush the snow off my knees, the snow already melting into small, wet patches. I turn around, getting ready to head back home. The path behind me looks peaceful, untouched by the chaos that haunts my thoughts. The early morning light casts long shadows, and the air is filled with the faint scent of pine and earth.

As soon as I turn around, I see a familiar shape—a familiar person overall. She stands there, her figure silhouetted against the rising sun. Her expression is soft, almost vulnerable, and her eyes are filled with a sadness that mirrors my own.

"Pin?" she mumbles, taking a hesitant step closer to me. Her voice is

barely above a whisper, carrying concern.

I immediately reach for the pocket knife in my pocket. I grasp it firmly, my knuckles turning white from the pressure. Bringing it close to my gut, I point it at myself, the blade glinting ominously in the early morning light. The cold metal feels both comforting and terrifying, a reminder of the desperation that led me here.

Her eyes widen as she steps closer to me, reaching for my hands. Her movements are slow, deliberate, as if she's afraid of startling me.

"Pin, don't," she warns, her voice trembling with a mixture of fear and desperation.

Okay i planned the rest of the chapters out, there should only be 6 left, there might be a bonus chapter from leafys pov if i feel like it

The next couple chapters will have dark subjects again!! Just a small heads up!!

some art i made of like the second chapter where firey was with leafy alone IGNORE HOW THERES NO SNOW I GOT LAZY

-sashay!!

Ill see you soon

Firey [implied suicide!!]

Make Pin listen to you, force her.

If only it was that easy. Pin doesn't want to hear me out, she never does. Maybe if I did something big, maybe it could convince Pin.

I couldn't shake the feeling of utter desperation that had settled in my chest. Every attempt to reach out to Pin, to make her understand the importance of what I was saying about Leafy, seemed to fall on deaf ears. I felt like I was drowning, and the only one who could save me was turning her back, walking away.

Leafy had always been the glue that held me together. Her laughter, her kindness, her unyielding spirit—it had all been a beacon of hope for me. But now, that light was gone, and all that remained was a haunting memory that refused to fade. I found myself wandering aimlessly, lost in thoughts of her. The nights were the worst, when the silence was deafening and my mind raced with memories of what once was.

I remembered the first time we met, back when we were still competing in BFDI. Leafy had been so full of life, her eyes sparkling with excitement as she asked to be friends with me. She had a way of making everything seem brighter, more vivid. Even on the darkest days, she could find a way to make us smile. Her presence had been a comfort, a reminder that there was still good in the world.

But now, those memories were tinged with a bitter sadness. Leafy was gone, and with her went the light that had kept us going. The night she disappeared was seared into my mind, a nightmare I couldn't escape. We had been arguing—about something trivial, something that didn't matter. I had stormed off, too angry to see the pain in her eyes. It was the last time I saw her alive.

Since then, her voice had haunted my dreams, a constant reminder of my failure. I would wake up in a cold sweat, her name on my lips, the guilt weighing heavily on my chest. I had tried to move on, to push the memories to the back of my mind, but they refused to stay buried. The more I tried to forget, the more vividly they came back, until it felt like I was drowning in them.

I wandered through the empty streets, I thought I heard her voice. It was faint, barely more than a whisper, but it was enough to stop me in my tracks. I strained to listen, my heart pounding in my chest.

Firey...

The voice was so soft, so distant, but unmistakably hers.

"Leafy?" I called out, my voice trembling. "Leafy, is that you?"

There was no answer, just the rustling of the wind through the trees. I felt a chill run down my spine, but I couldn't shake the feeling that she was trying to reach out to me.

By the time I returned to my apartment, I was exhausted, both physically and emotionally. I collapsed onto the couch, burying my face in my hands. The silence was suffocating, pressing down on me from all sides. I couldn't escape the guilt, the overwhelming sense of failure.

"I can't keep doing this," I whispered to myself, feeling tears well up in my eyes. "I can't keep living like this."

I looked around my apartment, at the remnants of a life that felt so distant now.

In that moment, a thought crossed my mind. A desperate, reckless thought. What if I could show Pin how much this meant to me? What if I made her see, in the most drastic way possible, the depth of my pain? Maybe then she would understand. Maybe then she would listen.

I stood up, my legs trembling, and made my way to the closet. Inside, I found an old length of rope, coiled neatly on the shelf. My hands were shaking as I took it down, feeling the rough fibers against my

skin. This was it. This was the only way.

I moved slowly, deliberately, as if in a trance. I tied one end of the rope to a sturdy beam in the ceiling, testing it to make sure it would hold. The other end, I fashioned into a noose, the knot tight and unforgiving. I stared at it for a long moment, feeling a strange sense of calm wash over me.

"This is the only way," I muttered to myself, trying to steady my breathing. "This is the only way she'll understand."

I climbed onto a chair, slipping the noose over my head. The rope felt cold against my skin, a stark contrast to the warmth of my tears. I took a deep breath, trying to summon the courage to go through with it. This was it. The end of the line.

But as I stood there, poised on the edge of oblivion, I couldn't help but think of Leafy. Her smile, her laughter, the way she always believed in us, no matter what. Would she want this for me? Would she want me to give up like this?

I felt a surge of doubt, my resolve wavering. But the pain was too much, the guilt too overwhelming. I couldn't go on like this. I couldn't keep living in this nightmare.

I'm sorry, Leafy," I whispered, my voice breaking. "I'm so sorry."

Tears streamed down my face, mingling with the cold sweat that covered my skin. Each tear felt like a piece of my soul slipping away, leaving me hollow and empty. I could barely breathe, the air thick with sorrow and regret.

As I stood there, the memories flooded back, overwhelming me. I saw Leafy's face, her eyes filled with disappointment as I walked away from our last argument. I remembered the sound of her laughter, the way it would light up the darkest room. And now, all of that was gone, replaced by this unbearable emptiness.

"I can't do this anymore," I choked out, my voice barely audible. "I can't keep living with this pain."

I thought about Pin, the way she had looked at me with such

indifference, as if my words meant nothing. She didn't understand the depth of my pain, the way it consumed me. Maybe this would make her see. Maybe this would make her understand.

The noose tightened around my neck as I took another deep breath. The chair wobbled beneath me, a final reminder of the life I was about to leave behind. I felt a strange sense of detachment, as if I were watching myself from a distance. The emotions that had overwhelmed me moments before were now replaced by a cold, empty void.

"I'm sorry, Pin," I whispered, my voice devoid of any warmth. "I'm sorry I couldn't be stronger."

Just like Ruby.

With that, I kicked the chair away, feeling the rope bite into my neck. The world blurred, the edges of my vision darkening.

My vision tunneled, and my thoughts grew disjointed, a swirling vortex of memories and sensations. I tried to focus on Leafy's voice, to grasp onto it like a lifeline, but it was slipping away, just like everything else. I felt my consciousness ebbing, the world growing colder and darker with each passing second.

In those final moments, the memories came rushing back with an intensity I hadn't anticipated. I remembered our childhood, the games we used to play, the way Leafy would always take charge, leading us on wild adventures. I saw her smile, bright and infectious, a beacon of hope in our small, often bleak world. I remembered the way she had comforted me when I was at my lowest, her arms wrapped around me, her voice soft and reassuring.

But those memories were tainted now, overshadowed by the guilt and regret that had consumed me. I saw the argument again, the anger in my own voice, the hurt in hers. I saw the moment I turned my back on her, the last glimpse I had of her alive. It was all so clear, so painfully vivid.

"I'm sorry," I whispered again, though the words were barely more than a thought. The numbness was spreading, dulling the pain,

pulling me into its cold embrace.

I'll see you soon.

The last of my strength ebbed away, and I felt myself slipping further into the void. The rope was unyielding, a final, merciless reminder of my decision. My thoughts grew quieter, the memories fading into the darkness. The world around me dissolved, and I was left alone, suspended in a place beyond pain, beyond sorrow.

In that final, fleeting moment of clarity, I thought I saw Leafy again. She was standing there, her expression soft and full of understanding. She reached out a hand, and for a brief, hopeful second, I imagined taking it, imagined that there might be something beyond this, something where I could find peace.

But then, the darkness took me completely.

"Firey?"

If you guys couldn't tell from my tiktok or youtube i am pins number one fan ill get that tattooed to my ass to prove it (this is targeted to a specific person on tiktok.)

Sorry this chapter was short!! :[i didnt really know how to make it longer ,:3 anyway if you guys couldnt tell firey just hung himself!!

-sashay!!

Are you real?

Pin

Leafy stares at me, her eyes wide with shock and desperation. She reaches out with trembling hands, trying to grasp the knife aimed directly at my chest.

"Pin, please put the knife down," she pleads, her voice trembling as much as her hands. Her eyes are wide, glistening with unshed tears, reflecting the dim light in the room. I press the cold, unforgiving blade closer to my chest, feeling my body protest against the action, muscles tensing, heart pounding erratically in my ribcage.

"No! I thought I got rid of you!" I shout, my voice breaking with the intensity of my emotions. I begin to dig the knife slowly into my chest, feeling the pressure but not the pain. The physical sensation is numb, overshadowed by the overwhelming urge to rid myself of her presence. I don't want to hear her anymore. I'm so sick of this relentless torment.

"Pin, please!" she begs again, her voice rising in desperation. "Please just listen to me," she continues, her tone soft yet urgent, each word dripping with sincerity.

"What do you want from me?" I exclaim, tears streaming down my face uncontrollably.

"This past month you won't leave me alone! All you do is haunt me! I felt like I was going crazy, I *was* going crazy! Ruby killed herself over you, I tried to kill myself! What is wrong with you!" My voice cracks, the weight of my words sinking into the air between us, heavy and suffocating.

Leafy's eyes shift, her expression hardening, yet the vulnerability remains in her gaze.

"Pin..." she whispers, her voice barely audible, her eyes welling up with tears. She tries to speak but no words come out, her lips moving soundlessly.

"I just want to be left alone, is that so much to ask for? I want to live a normal life, one where I'm not surrounded by voices telling me to commit! Telling me to dig them up...telling me these things I don't want to hear! Please, just leave me alone!" I cry out, my voice raw and filled with anguish. I shut my eyes tight, not wanting to see her anymore, not wanting to face this ghost of my past.

I drop the knife, my hands trembling violently as I sit down on the cold, hard ground. I bring my knees up halfway, burying my face into my hands. The sobs come uncontrollably, wracking my body with each breath, wishing for an end to this torment.

Why can't this be over? Why is this always happening to me?

"Pin, look at me, please," Leafy mumbles, her voice soft and pleading. I slowly lift my head from my hands to see her crouching down in front of me, her presence almost ethereal.

She sits on her heels gently, trying to get as close to me as she can without startling me.

She gazes down into my eyes, her expression filled with a softness I haven't seen in so long. Just then, I realize this is Leafy. Not the voice in my head telling me to commit, not the figure I was seeing in my nightmares, not the person Ruby was seeing. This isn't the Leafy that Firey and I were talking about.

This is the Leafy I was friends with. The one who would always laugh, the one who was always joyous and full of life. This is the Leafy I know, *the one I've been missing all along.*

"Leafy?" I choke out, my heart feeling like it's about to burst. I take a deep breath, summoning the courage to reach out, to feel the familiar warmth of a hug, the familiar comfort of Leafy's arms.

I fall straight on my face, the impact sending painful throbs shooting through my body. I turn my head to see Leafy standing over me, her

expression filled with sorrow.

"I'm dead," she starts, sitting back down next to me. "Remember?" she questions, her gaze shifting towards the grave behind us, a silent reminder of the truth I've been trying to avoid.

"No, no you're not, you're right here," I plead, sitting up, my voice desperate. "You can't be dead, please," I mumble, shaking my head in denial.

"I've been dead, for a long time," she says, her voice calming down, taking on a gentle, almost soothing tone. She sits next to me, her ghostly figure passing through my shoulder slightly, sending cold shivers down my spine, but they're strangely comforting.

"What's happening?" I mumble, my mind racing. "Am I hallucinating? Are you real? Am I going crazy?" The questions spill out of me in a rush, my voice high-pitched and frantic. Leafy only replies with a sigh, a sound so full of sorrow and understanding.

"Pin, you're not going crazy. I'm real," she mumbles softly, her voice like a balm to my frayed nerves. I take a deep breath, trying to comprehend her words, the reality of her presence.

"How are you here?" I question, my eyes still teary, filled with confusion and a flicker of hope.

"The same way you were seeing me before...just that wasn't me," she mumbles, looking down, almost ashamed. "The Leafy you saw, the one telling you all those things...that wasn't me. I mean it was, but it wasn't," she explains, her words tangled in the complexity of our shared pain.

"What?" I choke out, my voice shaking. "Then who was that? If you're messing with me, please stop. I don't want to go through any of this again," I mumble, my voice breaking apart, filled with raw vulnerability.

Leafy's voice is barely above a whisper, but it carries a weight that soothes my frayed nerves, the familiarity of her tone a balm to my aching heart.

"I'm not messing around," she says softly, her words barely audible. The sound of her voice, exactly as I remember it from all those years ago, calms me slightly.

"I'm trapped, Pin," she continues, her voice trembling. "I'm stuck in my own body—I can't escape. I've been asking for help, I've tried to," she mumbles, her words becoming slurred as tears well up in her eyes.

"I never meant for any of this to happen. Ruby wasn't supposed to be affected. Book, Gaty... they weren't either...I'm sorry," she confesses, her voice breaking with regret.

"Book?" I mumble, confusion washing over me. "What happened to Book? Leafy, what did you do?" I exclaim, panic rising in my chest.

"I didn't do anything! She's also been seeing me, the one Ruby saw," she mumbles, curling into herself as she starts to sob uncontrollably.

"Leafy? What's going on? You're not making any sense!" I exclaim, my frustration and confusion mounting. But Leafy doesn't seem to hear me; her sobs continue, her body shaking with each breath.

"I just want to be free," she sobs into her hands, her voice muffled and full of despair. "I can't do this anymore! I'm sorry, none of this was supposed to happen! I didn't mean for it to go this far," she cries, her words sounding more like a plea to herself than a conversation with me.

Desperation wells up inside me as I reach out for Leafy, trying to comfort her, to stop her tears. I feel my phone ring in my pocket. I quickly grab it, glancing down to see who's calling.

Coiny.

I let out a sigh, putting the phone back down, determined to deal with Leafy first. But as I look up, she's gone. Her sobs still echo faintly in the room, slowly fading into silence.

My breath hitches in my throat as I look around, suddenly feeling very alone. My heart races, and a shiver runs down my spine, the room growing colder by the second.

"Leafy?" I mumble, my hands trembling. "Leafy, where are you?" I mutter, my voice shaking with fear. The blood in my veins turns to ice as I hear the whispers I dreaded, the same whispers that drove me to the brink of insanity.

My eyes slowly drift to the knife on the ground, its cold, metallic surface reflecting the sunlight.

Do it Pin.

-

I knock on Coiny's door, hoping he'll answer quickly. The cold bites through my clothes, making me shiver uncontrollably. When the door finally unlocks and opens, Coiny immediately pulls me into a tight hug, his warmth a stark contrast to the frigid air outside.

"Are you okay? You were gone for a while," he asks, his voice filled with concern as he steps back to cup my face in his hands. I nod slowly, my heart still pounding from everything that happened earlier.

"I called you, but you didn't pick up," he mumbles, gently leading me inside the apartment. He holds my good hand, guiding me to the couch with a careful touch.

"I know, I'm sorry. My phone died," I lie, trying to sound convincing. Coiny gives me a skeptical look but chooses not to press the issue.

"You're freezing. I'll make you some hot chocolate, okay?" he suggests, heading over to the kitchen. I nod, pulling a blanket over myself and feeling an immediate sense of relief as the warmth begins to seep into my bones.

"Hey, uh... Coiny?" I call out hesitantly. Coiny looks back at me from the kitchen, milk carton in hand.

"Yeah?" he asks, his attention divided between me and his task.

"Do you think I'm crazy?" I ask, feeling a wave of discomfort wash over me. It's a question I've been dreading to ask but need to know the answer to.

"Leafy bothering you again?" he asks in a whisper, his voice barely audible over the hum of the microwave. I nod weakly, feeling a lump form in my throat. Coiny sighs deeply, setting the cup in the microwave to heat.

"You're not crazy, Pin," he says firmly, his eyes meeting mine. "Even though I don't understand everything about this Leafy situation, I don't think you're crazy," he adds, giving me a soft, reassuring smile.

Despite his comforting words, I can't shake the feeling that I'm losing my grip on reality. I nod absently, my mind drifting back to the tormenting whispers that have plagued me. This time, I don't even know if the voice I'm hearing is Leafy's.

I spent nearly two hours on the mountain, debating whether to end it all again. The voices grew louder as I walked away from her grave, urging me to return and plunge the knife into my chest. It was an agonizing decision, but I couldn't bear the thought of going through that pain again.

My thoughts shift to Firey. I want to talk to him about Leafy, but the last time we spoke, I shut him out completely. Now, the guilt gnaws at me, and I feel like a massive asshole. Firey knew what he was talking about, and I should have listened.

I reluctantly push myself off the couch, the blanket falling away from my shoulders.

"Hey, Coiny? I'll be right back. Less than five minutes, I need to talk with someone real quick," I mumble, my voice trembling as I head toward the door.

"But your hot chocolate," he frowns, gently taking the cup out of the microwave.

"I'll have it when I get back. Put on a movie for us to watch in the meantime, okay?" I say, opening the door. Coiny nods, hurrying toward the TV to pick a film.

My stomach churns as I walk over to Firey's apartment—our old place. It's not far, just a short walk of maybe twenty seconds. I stand

in front of the door, hesitating. The silence on the other side is unsettling.

Summoning all my courage, I knock, the sound echoing through the quiet hallway.

"Firey? I... I want to talk about Leafy," I mumble, hoping he'll hear me. "I know you're mad at me and all, but I came to apologize," I say, my voice trembling.

There's no response, and my stomach churns with anxiety. I glance down and notice the doorknob is slightly turned, indicating it's unlocked.

"Firey?" I call out again, knocking one more time before deciding to enter. My hand shakes as I grasp the doorknob.

I gently open the door...

The scene that greets me is pure horror. Firey is hanging from the ceiling, a rope tied around his neck. My world stops as I stand there, frozen in shock, my knees threatening to give way beneath me.

"Firey!" I shriek, my voice cracking as I rush forward.

Sayori ddlc /ref guys.....(i was playing ddlc as i wrote this)

Im freezing right now im so cold □

-sashay!!

I missed you

Firey [a lot of dark subjects like suicide]

"Firey?" The voice that has been haunting me for so long now resonates through the darkness. I open my eyes, and there she is—Leafy, the one who's been tormenting my every thought.

"Leafy..." I manage to mumble, feeling my eyes fill with tears. The sight of her here, so close and yet so distant, sends a jolt of emotion through me.

"No..." she murmurs, her eyes widening in disbelief. "What are you doing here?" Her voice cracks, rising to a desperate cry.

I look around, my mind reeling. The memories flood back all at once—the relentless voices, the unbearable pressure, the rope tightening around my neck. I feel that phantom rope again, choking me, but when I claw at it, there's nothing there.

"I... I think I'm dead," I whisper, the realization hitting me like a ton of bricks. It wasn't just a fleeting thought—it was real. I remember everything. The decision I made, the final act... and now, this.

"You can't be dead, Firey." Leafy's voice trembles, her eyes wide with shock. I watch her as she collapses to the ground, curling in on herself, her body racked with sobs that echo painfully around us.

I stand there, utterly confused, regret crashing over me like a wave. What have I done? I overreacted, let my emotions consume me. Now, here I am, in this place—this horrible, desolate place—with her, the one I've been missing, longing for, even in my madness.

Leafy. The girl I couldn't let go of, the reason I couldn't sleep at night. The reason Ruby killed herself. The reason Pin tried to kill herself. She was the reason I did this, the reason I'm here. *And, despite*

everything, she's the girl I loved.

Slowly, I walk toward her, each step heavier than the last. My breathing becomes ragged as the weight of what's happened crushes me. I kneel down beside her, placing my hands gently on her trembling knees.

"Don't tell me I'm the reason you're here!" she cries out, her voice thick with despair. She looks up at me, her tear-streaked face full of anguish. "Firey, *please* tell me you didn't do this because of me." Her grip tightens on my shoulders, desperate for an answer.

I don't respond, too choked up to speak. I just stare into her eyes —those eyes that used to be so full of life. Now, they're filled with sorrow, a pain so deep and consuming that it's nearly unbearable to witness. The more I look at her, the more I feel a gulf widening between us, as if she's slipping away into a place I can't follow.

"Oh my zen, it was me, wasn't it," she mumbles, her voice barely above a whisper. She looks down at her hands, dropping her head into them as her sobs grow more intense. Her cries are agonizing, each one a plea for the pain to stop, each one cutting through me like a knife.

"Leafy..." I murmur, reaching out to her. I pull her into a hug, trying to offer some semblance of comfort. But the moment I feel her against me, it's as if my entire body catches fire. I cry out, jerking away as the burning sensation spreads through me, only to cool just as quickly, leaving me shaken and breathless.

"I'm trapped, Firey," she says through her sobs, her voice barely holding together. "I've been like this ever since I got here." Her body trembles violently, her sobs becoming louder, more desperate. "I can't escape. I've tried to. I really have. Every day feels like torture, like I'm dying all over again. I don't know how to stop it."

I watch her, helpless, as her shaking intensifies. Her words become more and more muffled by her sobbing, her distress so palpable it's like a physical force pressing down on me.

"But the voices, you said—"

"Those weren't me!" she screams, her voice raw with emotion. She clutches her face, digging her fingers into her skin as if trying to rip the pain out of herself.

"I swear, that wasn't me! I never meant for the voices to reach you. I would never tell you to kill yourself!" Her eyes, bloodshot and filled with terror, lock onto mine, pleading for me to believe her. Her sobs grow more violent, each one a guttural sound that seems to tear through her, leaving her gasping for breath.

I watch her, my own heart breaking as she falls apart in front of me. I want to reach out again, to do something—anything—to ease her suffering, but I'm paralyzed by my own guilt and fear. The reality of what I've done, what we've both been through, is too much to bear.

"I did this to myself, Leafy. You never told me to kill myself—there were no voices," I begin, my voice shaking as I try to steady myself. "Leafy... none of this makes sense. You being dead, me seeing you here... I don't know if I'm really seeing you or if this is all just in my head, but I made the choice to end it, okay? I was just so tired of everything. I just wanted to be with you."

Leafy's tear-filled eyes lock onto mine, her expression soft but filled with sorrow. The redness in her eyes is painfully vivid, and the sound of her sobs gradually fades as she listens to me.

"I wanted to leave it all behind," I continue, my voice barely a whisper now. "I couldn't handle anything anymore. But now, I'm here with you, and it's okay... right?" I say, reaching out to place my hand over hers.

The moment our hands touch, a burning sensation surges through my body. I wince, a pained murmur escaping my lips, but I don't pull away. I keep holding onto her hand, as if letting go would mean losing her forever.

"But it's not okay, Firey. It never will be," she replies, her voice fading to a sorrowful whisper. "You're not really with me. I'm still trapped... I can't be with you. I never can be."

Suddenly, my vision plunges into darkness, and I feel a tightening around my neck, as if an invisible force is choking the life out of me. I try to scream, but all that comes out is a strangled cry, my voice lost in the void.

"Leafy?" I gasp, my hands clawing at my throat, trying to grasp something that isn't there. "Leafy!" I scream, but the sound is swallowed by the darkness.

I suddenly crash against something hard, the impact jarring me back to reality. My eyes snap open, and I'm blinded by harsh, glaring lights above me. My chest heaves as I gasp for air, the sensation of the noose still lingering around my neck, even though there's nothing there now.

I blink rapidly, trying to make sense of where I am. My vision is hazy, but gradually, the details of the room come into focus. The ceiling looks familiar—too familiar—and my eyes are drawn to a rope dangling from it. The knot that once held it tight is now frayed and broken, swaying slightly as if it had just been released from a great strain.

My breath comes in short, ragged bursts as I stare at the rope, trying to process what's happening. My mind races, trying to piece together the fragments of the nightmare I just escaped. The memory of Leafy's face, twisted in pain and sorrow, flashes before me, and I feel a pang of regret so deep it almost knocks the wind out of me.

I should've looked up a tutorial on how to tie a noose damn it.

"You have to be fucking with me," I mumble, feeling my eyes well up as I sit up, still trying to process what just happened. The harsh reality hits me like a ton of bricks. I hear the sound of sobbing from behind me, but it suddenly stops.

"Firey...?" A familiar voice breaks the silence, trembling with emotion. I turn around and see Pin on the ground, her face streaked with tears. My breath catches in my throat as I realize she must have seen everything.

"Hey, Pin..." I stammer, trying to play it off, clutching the broken

rope behind me like it's some kind of twisted joke. "I was just... hanging around. What are you doing here?"

But before I can say anything more, Pin throws herself at me, wrapping her arms around me in a tight, desperate hug. Her sobs are muffled against my shoulder, but I can feel the intensity of her pain.

"I thought you fucking died! Why would you do this?" she cries out, pulling back just enough to look at me, before slapping me hard across the face.

I hold my cheek, stunned by the slap. The sting brings me back to reality.

"Hey! You can't be talking! You tried killing yourself too!" I shout back, pushing her off me lightly, not really wanting to hurt her.

"Doesn't mean you should too!" she yells, her voice cracking as fresh tears spill from her eyes. She gets up, taking a deep breath as she tries to calm herself down, but I can see how badly she's shaken. Her hands tremble as she wipes her tears away, her eyes filled with a mix of anger, fear, and concern.

I sit on the ground, the broken piece of rope still in my hands, feeling the dull throb in my back as I try to sit up straighter.

"Hey, Pin?" I mumble, looking up at her. She pauses and looks at me, clearly stressed.

"What do you want?" she snaps, her voice laced with irritation. She takes a deep breath, calming herself before speaking again. "Sorry, I meant what's up?" she mutters, her voice still rough around the edges.

"Is there an ice pack? My back kind of hurts from falling," I ask, trying to adjust my posture a bit.

"I wonder why!" she exclaims sarcastically, but she still walks over to the fridge. She grabs a handful of ice cubes and shoves them into a plastic bag, then tosses it at me, the bag landing gently on the floor near me.

"Thanks..." I mumble, picking up the bag and placing it against my sore back. Pin sits down on the couch, close to where I'm sitting on the floor, her eyes fixed on me.

"Do you have any extra rope?" I ask, glancing up at her, noticing how her face immediately tenses up with stress.

"Why?" she asks, her voice cracking.

"To hang myself. I'm gonna watch a video this time on how to do it right, I swear," I say, holding up the frayed end of the rope.

Pin immediately breaks down, her sobs filling the room. I lean back slightly, taken aback by her reaction. Her cries remind me so much of Leafy's that I start to feel a deep pang of guilt.

"Hey, it was a joke," I mutter, trying to reassure her.

"I know that! But you're treating this entire thing like a joke!" she mumbles through her tears.

"Because it is," I mumble back, leaning against the couch as I try to bring my knees up to my chest. "This whole thing is a joke. This Leafy thing... the voices."

"The voices!" Pin exclaims, her voice rising again. "Firey, I wanted to talk with you—I tried to, but..." she trails off, gesturing toward the rope still hanging from the ceiling.

"Listen, I'm really sorry about everything I said. About the whole Leafy thing yesterday..." she starts, her voice full of regret. "I should've listened to you."

"It's okay, you've been through a lot anyway," I mumble, looking up at her, trying to show that I understand.

"I saw Leafy," Pin says quietly. "But it wasn't like the Leafy we were seeing earlier. She felt so real, like the actual Leafy." She picks at her hands nervously. "It was earlier today, at the grave."

"I saw Leafy too," I confess. "She felt the same way, like the Leafy I was friends with all this time." I mutter, trying to piece everything

together in my mind.

"She asked for help. To be freed. She said she was trapped," Pin speaks up, her voice trembling slightly. The words hang in the air, filling the room with a heavy, unsettling tension.

"She told you that too?" I mumble, feeling goosebumps rise all over my skin. A chill runs through me, quickly turning into an unbearable heat. The memory of Leafy's touch flashes in my mind—the way her skin felt like it was burning me alive.

I think back to how she cried, how she begged to be freed. Every time I touched her, it felt like I was being set on fire. Just like the day at the grave when flames erupted, just like how the grass and snow were always scorched around it. Just like how my house was consumed by flames. Leafy's skin felt like it held the heat of all those memories.

"Pin?" I ask, my voice trembling as my mind races to connect the dots.

"Hm?" She hums, slightly distracted.

"The day my house burned down, didn't you tell me you saw Leafy?" I ask, sitting up straighter, my body tense.

"That was a long time ago... I don't remember much. Leafy was in the fire; I think that was the first time I saw her," she explains, closing her eyes, trying to recall the details.

The only thing that survived that fire was a photo of Leafy and me.

"Oh my spark, Pin!" I shout, realization hitting me like a bolt of lightning. "I know how to get rid of the voices—I know how to stop this!" I exclaim, jumping to my feet.

"What?" Pin asks, startled, her voice rising as she watches me.

"It's a long shot, but I think it's the only way," I say, my heart pounding with a strange mixture of fear and excitement.

"We have to set Yoyle City on fire!" I declare, my voice loud and

frantic. Pin stares at me, her lips slowly creeping into a smile. She chuckles before the seriousness of my words sinks in, her smile fading.

"Firey, that's not funny..." she mumbles, trying to suppress the lingering smile. "I thought you were being serious."

"I'm not joking," I reply, feeling a sharp pain in my chest as Pin laughs.

"A fire would get rid of everyone! Not just Leafy!" Pin says, giggling a bit. "How would a fire solve our problems?"

"Pin, I'm being serious," I mumble, my anger starting to build. Pin immediately stands up, alarmed.

"Firey! Are you mental?" she shouts, her eyes wide with shock.

"Yes! I just tried killing myself! Now listen to me!" I exclaim, my voice cracking with desperation. Pin stares at me, her eyes growing wider.

"It all makes sense! You can't tell me this isn't connected! The grass is always burnt, my house was set on fire. Who did it? It had to be Leafy! You said she was in the fire! The time I went to the grave, there was fire surrounding me! And every time I touched Leafy, I felt like I was on fire!" I explain, my words tumbling out in a rush.

Pin continues to stare at me, her mouth hanging open in disbelief.

"Firey—"

"No, Pin, don't tell me it's stupid. If you actually think about it, it makes sense! Leafy has been begging to be freed! She's trapped, and how can we free her?"

"With fire..." Pin mumbles, sitting down, the realization hitting her like a ton of bricks.

"Exactly! The voices will stop! She'll be freed! People will be left alone," I plead, sitting down next to her. Pin sighs, shaking her head in uncertainty.

"I don't know about this, Firey. Burning the city? Really? That sounds too extreme," Pin says, her voice laced with doubt.

"After everything the city's been through? Ruby's death, the news about your attempt, rumors of Leafy spreading around? I think the city will be fine."

"Well...Gaty has been seeing Leafy, and Book has too."

"Exactly..." I mumble, feeling a weight settle over me as Pin sighs deeply.

"Oh my pin factory, I can't do this anymore," she says, rubbing her face in frustration. She stands up and heads toward the door.

"Where are you going?" I ask, rising to follow her.

"I'm going back to Coiny's apartment. I need to get some sleep, and you should, too. You look like you need it," she responds, glancing back at me.

"Will you come back tomorrow? I really think this might work," I say, my voice filled with hope.

"Yeah, I'll come back," she replies with a tired smile. "Get some rest and think about it more. And please, don't try to kill yourself again—at least not right now." She gives me a small, reassuring smile.

"Got it," I say, waving as she leaves.

Sorry guys for the lack of sense this chapter has □

I really REALLY REALLY wanted to add the prophecy 'fire alone will save our clan' (warrior cats ref,,,,)

Also sorru for mentioning suicide like 100 times thruout this chapter (i was gonna end it today,,,just like ruby,,,) but i promise this will be the end of all these suicidal topics (kindaish....)

THERES LIKE 3 MORE CHAPYERA UNTIL IM DONE FINALLY also please ignore how cringey and out of character this was 😞😞

-sashay!!

Kerosene

[mentions of suicide 💔]

Pin

I hear loud knocking on the door as I stir. I feel Coiny next to me, he groans as he withers around, tired.

"I'll get it..." I mumble, sitting up. I feel pangs of pain shoot through my broken arm as I push myself off the bed. Coiny hums a little thanks.

"Thanks...you're the best." He mumbles, his voice muffled by the pillow. I nod a little even though he can't see me.

I leave the room and head towards the fromt door, my movements slow as I'm still tired. I hear the knocks get louder and rougher.

"Be patient!" I shout, getting annoyed. Im at the door, and I open it to see Firey. I groan a little.

"I'm kind of surprised you didn't hang yourself again." I mumble, still feeling tired.

"Excuse me?" He asks, his voice surprised.

"Nothing," I mumble, yawning. Im almost fully awake. "What are you doing here? It's like 8AM."

"It's 3Pm." Firey mumbles, sighing.

"Oh." I mutter under my breath, looking back at clock not realizing how much Coiny and I overslept.

"I'm here because of yesterday, the whole burning down the city plan?" Firey reminds me. I groan as he brings up the idea.

"Oh my corkboard you're still on about that? I was hoping you would forget it and sleep it through..." I grumble, a little mad. Setting fire to the City is an extreme, and I really hope Firey wasn't being for real with it.

"Yeah...no. I actually didn't sleep, I spent the entire night planning the fire." Firey says, a little too cheerful.

"Maybe you should've hung yourself..." I mumble to myself, annoyed with his idea. "Firey you cant just plan a whole damn fire!"

"But its the only way!" Firey pleads. "Pin, if you would just hear me out."

I sigh, crossing my arms.

"Fine."

—

Firey and I are sitting at a small coffee shop. Firey has a notebook and the steps are written all over it. I take a sip from my coffee as I look up at him.

"Are you sure this is the only way...I mean there has to be something else." I mumble, already trying to think of other ideas.

"I'm sure." Fiery says, his voice firm as he rotates the notebook towards me.

"In order to set the city on fire, were gonna need gasoline, right?" He questions, pointing to the first step.

"Right..." I mumble, taking another drink from my cup.

"I was thinking we could get the gasoline from Tennisball, or Golfball. You're close with her, right?" Firey says, looking up from his notebook.

"Well yeah...it's complicated" I say, looking down at the notebook.

"Then we'll bribe them to give us the gasoline."

"Do you think they even have any?" I ask.

"Of course they do, they have everything." He exclaims, looking back down.

"Then once we have the gasoline, were gonna pour it all over the city and burn it!" Firey explains. I hear soft footsteps approaching.

"Whats this about burning the city?" An unfamiliar voice says. I look up to see a tall girl with silver hair looking at us, smiling softly. I've seen her around the city, many times but I never talked with her. She approaches our table, stopping once shes in front of us.

"Oh hey Saw!" Firey says, flipping the notebook over. "I thought Gaty was working today?"

Saw sighs, frowning a little.

"Well, she was supposed to. She's at home, she said shes been feeling off and wanted to be alone. That poor girl, I can't understand whats going on with her." Saw explains, looking down fiddling with her hands.

I start to wonder how much this girl knows about Gaty.

"Has she told you anything else?" I ask, sitting up straight.

"Um, it's best if I don't tell you, I don't want her privacy exposed." Saw says, folding her hands behind her back.

"It's okay, I understand." I mumble. *I think I might already know.*

"Enough about Gaty, are you two planning to burn something?" She asks, quickly glancing to the notebook Firey is tightly holding to his chest.

"No," He quickly responds.

"Uh huh..." Saw hums, giving him a skeptical look.

"He's right," I quickly speak up, trying to get her to brush it off. "It's a small project for Golfball...she doesn't want anyone knowing about

this so umm.."

"Oh alright, I get it!" Saw smiles and waves at us before heading back to clean some tables. I look back at Firey.

"Who is that?" I ask, keeping my voice low as I look back at her. She's smiling and humming to herself, as if she already forgot about everything.

"Saw." Firey says, gently laying his notebook back down on the table.

"Yeah no, I know, but like *who* is she?" I question.

"Oh, she works here with Gaty. I'm here a lot so we're kind friends. She's really kind, you can trust her." Firey says, giving me a small smile. I look back at Saw who's heading towards the back of the store. I relax a little.

"Do you think Gaty's okay?" I ask, watching Saw close the door behind her.

"She's probably sick, she'd never skip work." Firey replied, oblivious to what I'm hinting at.

"No, I meant with like...the whole Leafy thing," I mumble.

"Huh?" He mumbles, squinting his eyes at me.

"Oh my corkboard Firey..." I mumble to myself, getting slightly mad.

"Ohhhhhh...wait what? Why didn't you tell me!" Firey asks.

"I did! I tried to! You wouldn't listen to me!" I mumble. "listen, that's not the point, you think Gaty's okay?" I repeat.

"Honestly..." Firey mumbles, sighing. "No."

"Should we go check on her or something? Maybe it'll help to talk to someone about this."

"I don't think talking is gonna solve anything." Firey mumbles under his breath.

"Let's give it a shot? You can tell me all about your...plan on the way there." I say, standing up. I wave Saw goodbye as she watches us leave. Firey holds his notebook tight as he flips through the pages.

As Firey and I make our way to Gaty's house, he explains the plan. It kept getting crazier and crazier and I genuinely couldn't believe he actually wants to go through with this. The closer we get to Gaty's house, the more I feel a pit form in my stomach. I feel nervous, almost like I'm afraid to see Gaty. *Maybe I am afraid.*

Maybe I wont see Gaty, I'll just see her lifeless body. She wouldn't end herself would she?

"Pin?" Firey asks, snapping me out of my thoughts.

"Huh?" I mumble, looking up at him.

"You...okay? He mumbles, giving me a slight concerned look.

"Yeah, I was just thinking about Gaty." I say, clearing my throat.

"Sorry, What were you saying again?" I question, pushing the bad thoughts aside.

"I was asking if you'd wanna go through with the plan." He asks, looking at the notebook and showing me the last page. There's small doodles of Leafy everywhere, surrounding the pages.

"Oh, I don't know...it still seems super extreme. Let me think about it, okay?" I say, trying to I smile. Firey sighs.

"Come on Pin, it's kind of our only option," Firey starts. "You said it yourself, you don't want anyone else getting affected by Leafy, right?"

"I know, I know, just, give me a day, okay?" I question, hoping Firey gives it a rest.

"Fine..." Firey says, closing his notebook and shoves it back into his bag. "Where is Gaty's house anyway?" Firey asks, looking around.

"Were almost there, she kinda lives close to you, well when you *had* a house..." I say, remembering the night where Fireys house burnt

down. The first time I saw Leafy in years.

Firey nods as he continues walking. It starts to get dark and snow start falling. I watch Firey zip up his jacket as I shiver, only wearing a short sleeved top. Firey and I finally reach Gaty's house. I knock on the door a couple of times before ringing the doorbell.

"You think she's home?" I ask.

"Saw said she was." Firey said. "Maybe try texting her? Give her a call?"

I nod as I grab my phone from my pocket. I quickly call Gaty and wait for her to pick up. The phone continues to ring until it automatically ends. I try calling her one more time until I text her.

"Maybe she's sleeping, we should go." Firey whispers, eyeing the house.

"No, if she's seeing Leafy to the point she has to stay home from work I don't really think we should leave her alone." I say, spamming Gaty with texts.

"Besides, somethings off, I can sense it, you know?"

"No, not really..." Firey mumbles. I feel myself get more panicked as she won't respond. I start knocking on her door louder this time.

"Gaty!" I shout, banging on the door. "It's Pin! I know you're home!" I yell, looking at the car in the driveway.

"That sounded more like a threat," Firey mutters. I groan at his comment.

"Gaty please! I'm worried about you!" I exclaim. I turn the doorknob vigorously.

"Woah, Pin what are you doing!" Firey whisper yells, his eyes wide as I try breaking into Gaty's house.

"I'm trying to see if Gaty's okay!" I shout. I head over to the garage door. It's not fully closed so I crawl underneath it. I hear Firey's

footsteps follow me. I turn on the flash on my phone to see a door connected to the house, open.

I quickly make my way inside the house until I hear Firey.

"Pin! That's breaking and entering! You can't just do that!" He shouts, still standing by the garage door.

"It's not breaking and entering if the door was open! Now come on," I say, walking inside the house. Everything is dark, I'm forced to use my phones flash to guide us. I hear Firey's soft footsteps behind me.

I finally find the lightswitches and turn on the light. Firey and I found ourselves in the living room. The entire place is quiet, no sign of Gaty.

My eyes quickly dart to the light coming from a room.

"Gaty?" I mumble, walking towards the room.

I immediately see a bed in the middle of the room, most likely her bed. The light is coming from the bathroom in her room. I immediately feel the pit in my stomach get deeper. I turn off my flash and shove my phone back in my pocket.

I feel my hands tremble a little as I make my way through her room. I hear Firey right behind me, his breathing slow yet ragged. I peek my head into the bathroom, wishing everything is fine.

I see Gaty on the ground, her eyes closed. Blood is trailing down her mouth, pooling underneath her. Pills are scattered everywhere, mostly coming from the Pill bottle she's holding.

I scream as I rush towards Gaty. I immediately kneel down next to her, lifting her head a little.

"Gaty!" I shout, my eyes blurring with tears. I feel Firey next to me, getting his phone out.

I fumble as I try sitting her up, blood now all over me. I can barely focus on anything as I try getting her to wake up.

"Gaty please!" I sob. I hear Firey on the phone, talking to Golfball.

"Please wake up," I sob softly, hugging her. I try my hardest to feel her heartbeat but I get nothing in return. I feel myself breakdown even harder.

I look at Firey who's as stressed as I am, but trying to calm himself down.

"Golfball's on her way, she said she'll be quick." Firey mumbles, looking down at Gaty.

I try to nod, but all the thoughts about Leafy come flooding back in. Memories of my own suicide come to mind, how pained I was, the only way of being free was to end it. That's probably how Gaty felt, and no one was there. I should've known, I should've talked with her and tried to help, I could've prevented this.

--

Firey and I are now sitting on Gaty's couch as Golfball is in the bathroom trying to help Gaty. Golfball said she was still alive, she still has a chance to live afterall. I keep telling myself this is all my fault. I could've stopped her from going any further.

Firey isn't talking, probably still trying to process everything. Coiny keeps calling me, probably since I haven't been home from hours. I ignore his calls, more focused on Gaty.

A couple minutes later I hear coughing from the bathroom. I immediately can tell those are Gaty's coughs. I sit up straight and lean closer to the coughing. I hear Gaty mumble something and relief comes crashing down. My heartbeat starts to settle down as I hear Gaty talking. Her words are slurred and barely make any sense but she's alive.

"Thank my point..." I whisper, holding a shaky hand to my chest. Gaty comes stumbling out the room, blood staining her mouth.

"I'm taking her to my factory, make sure she's fully okay," Golfball says, pushing Gaty forward.

"I said I'm fine," She mumbles, her voice weary.

"Uh huh...come on, pick up the pace! I know you can walk faster!" Golfball exclaims, her arms tired from pushing Gaty.

"Thanks Golfball, you're the best." Firey says, standing up.

"I know." Golfball smuggly says before going back to a serious tone.

Gaty groans and starts walking faster, going to follow Golfball.

I get a notification from my phone, assuming that it's Coiny I go and look at it.

Without reading to see who it was, I click on the text. I feel myself freeze as I read the text.

'Hey. I just found out you're dead. I'm so sorry about everything that's happen to you. I miss you so much, so does Firey. I love you."
seen just now

'Dig me up Pin.'

I can't seem to breathe anymore. I remember sending that message a couple weeks ago, maybe even a month. Leafy's dead, I talked with her, who is this? Is this someone pulling a prank? My hands start shaking as I start to breathe again. I see Firey walking away in the corner of my eye but I can't bring myself to look at him. All I'm focused on is the message.

'I'm waiting.'

This time I watch the message get typed out in real time. My heart stops as it's not just an unsent message getting sent just now. Someone has the phone.

"Pin? You coming?" Firey asks, standing out the door.

"Does Leafy ever text you?" I mumble, my eyes still locked on the messages.

"What?" Firey asks, I can hear him smile a little, almost like he

thinks I'm crazy.

"Like...do you ever get texts from her?" I ask, a little louder, my voice shaking as I speak.

"No..." Firey mumbles, walking back towards me. His phone also gets a notification and he stops.

"She just texted me." Firey mumbles under his breath, looking up at me. He shows me his phone which read the same message.

Dig me up.

Guys as I'm writing this the power is out the hurricane hit me so bad the wifi and power went out it's day three without power oh my gosh I'm SO BORED DUDE I had nothing to do so I'm writing this!! If like the rest of the book randomly gets uploaded you know why

-sashay!!

This is getting tiring

Pin

Firey and I are walking back to our apartments, our mind still on Gaty and the texts. Leafy hasn't texted us since we left Gaty's house. We walk in silence until Firey speaks up.

"Do you think that was really Leafy?" He asks, his voice low. We take a couple more steps before I respond.

"I don't know, I feel like it's just someone messing with us." I reply, almost a soft whisper. Firey sighs, nodding.

"Who in Yoyle City knows anything about Leafy though," Firey says, looking back at his phone.

"Book," I say under my breath. "Maybe it was Book!"

Firey shakes his head.

"No, Book wouldn't joke like that." He says. I nod, looking back down.

"You're right," I mumble, sighing in frustration, watching the cold winter air fog my breath. I watch white little cloud float away and fade into the snow.

We continue walking in silence, the only sound is the other people walking past us. Coiny keeps calling and texting if I'm okay, but I'm too tired to answer. Firey perks his head, and gasps to himself as he looks at me.

"Pin! Leafy's phone is still sharing locations with me!" He exclaims, shoving the phone in my face. I look at the bright glaring screen to see a small pinpoint on a map.

I straighten my back as I feel my heart beat faster. I quickly take my phone out to check if it's the same for me.

"Hey! It says she's not far from here! We should try finding her, or her phone.." I say, feeling a wave of nervousness crash down on me. Firey nods, taking a screenshot of the location.

We pick up the pace, trying to get there faster. Leafy's location is odd, it's near Firey's old house which is still covered in ash. I can feel people giving us looks from the corner of my eye, two people covered in blood rushing through the streets at night. I would be staring too.

As the burnt house comes in view, we slow down the pace.

"It says she's here," Firey pants, looking up from his phone. "I see no one." He mumbles, sounding defeated.

"Hey, don't get all sad just yet, we still need to look around, I don't think anything would be hidden in plain sight." I say, walking towards. I take my phone's flash and shine it towards the house.

I stumble over a shovel, almost tripping. I look down at the shovel. I immediately get hit with memories of Leafy's grave. This is the *exact* shovel I used to stab myself. I step back a little, crouching down to pick up the shovel.

"Did you put this here?" I ask, bringing it over to Firey. Firey looks down at the shovel and his eyes widen.

"What? Pin where did you get this?" He asks, his voice raised. His tone makes me start to worry a bit.

"It was just lying around..." I mumble, looking down at the shovel. The tip is still covered in blood, just now it's a dark brown instead of a crimson.

"After Golfball took you, I remember throwing that shovel away,"

"Where?" I question, slowly dropping the shovel.

"In Leafy's grave. I dug it back up..."

"Why would you *ever* do that!" I shout, stepping away from the shovel.

"Because it felt wrong for the shovel to just lay there! I wanted to get rid of it!" Firey says, defending himself.

"Okay, okay, that's not important right now, how'd the shovel get back here?" I question, flashing my light on it. The flash reflects from the metal top into my eyes.

As soon as Firey starts talking, I get a notification. *From Leafy of course.*

Dig.

Firey's phone also goes off at the same time mine does. I turn around immediately, expecting for Leafy, or something to be standing there. Instead I see nothing but dirt and trash.

"Pin? I think we have to dig for something, with that." Firey says, crouching down to pick the shovel.

"No way! I'm not going through with this again!" I shout. I rush towards Firey and grab the shovel from him. I chuck the shovel with my good hand, as far as I could. A couple seconds later I hear the metal clank with some broken wood.

"I am *not* digging for anything! Im sick and tired of this!" I shout, stomping away from the house. I start walking away from Firey and the house, pissed, until I hear Firey scream.

"Pin! Watch out!" He screams, his voice laced with panic.

I turn around to see the shovel flying at my face. The handle hits my face as I'm knocked to the ground. My hands quickly rush to my face as the pain immediately sets in. I yell out in pain, holding my nose.

"Firey what the fuck! Did you seriously just throw a shovel at me!" I scream, feeling warm liquid pour down my face. I look down to see blood drip from my nose.

Firey rushes towards me, kneeling down. His eyes are wide and he looks pale.

"No Pin, I didn't throw that! I swear!" He exclaims, panicked. "Holy shit are you okay, you're bleeding..."

Firey reaches to help me but I push his hand away.

"If you didn't throw it then who did!" I yell, standing up slowly. I step back from Firey.

"It just flung onto you! By itself! Pin I swear, you *have* to believe me." He pleads, holding his hands in defense.

As much as I would like to yell at Firey and blame him, I can tell he's not lying, his eyes say it all. I sigh as I grab a pocket mirror from my back pocket to look at my nose.

Blood is smeared everywhere, but other than that my face looks fine. I shove the mirror back in as I wipe my nose with a hand.

"You...okay?" He asks one more time, his voice low. I groan, shaking my head.

"What does it look like?" I retort, looking down to see the shovel at my feet. I try and kick it away from me only for it to come rolling back.

Firey really wasn't lying.

I sigh as I lean down to grab the shovel, my grip tight. I look over at Firey.

"If there's gonna be any digging tonight, you're doing it." I say, shoving the shovel in his arms. "Come on, let's go."

Firey reluctantly follows me back to the house. For the next couple hours I watch Firey dig and dig, only to find nothing. It's almost 4AM now, and were both tired. My phone has died and Firey's is barley on.

"Pin I don't think there's anything left," Firey says, panting. He

stands up and uses wipes his forehead with his lower shoulder. He plants the shovel into the ground as he looks down at me.

"You said it yourself, there *has* to be something." I mumble, tired. Firey groans.

"Well then can you please find that something? I've been at this for hours." He pleads, sitting down next to me. I sigh, thinking about it.

"Fine." I groan as I sit up. I look around for the shovel and head to grab it. I start looking for a place where Firey hasn't touched and started there. Immediately when I dig the shovel into the dirt I hear a clank.

"Firey if I find something first try I'm gonna hit you with this shovel," I say, my heart beating faster. I continue digging, the dirt immediately transfering to my clothes.

"I doubt it's anything, probably a rock," He says, sighing as he finally gets a break.

But it wasn't rocks, no where near rocks. Even though its dark, the moon shines on the dirt until I can make out what it is. A shiny red canister with a giant X engraved into it. As soon as I pick it up, the smell of old gasoline hits me.

"I don't think this is a rock," I retort, setting it down. The can is mostly empty but I still hear gasoline splashing around in there.

Firey peeks over a dirt pile and he immediately jumps over it, grabbing his phone. He turns the flash on and points it.

"Are you serious!" He shouts, looking at the can.

"There's more," I mumble, pulling out more cans of gasoline. This time they're completely empty. Most of them are burnt and have holes in them, probably from the fire all that time ago.

"There's no way," Firey mumbles, his jaw dropping each time I pull out another can.

"I think I might have a clue on what set your house on fire," I

mumble, pulling out the last can.

"These aren't even mine! I don't own gasoline!" He pleads, shaking the containers to see if there's any liquid still in there. Firey accidentally shakes one of the full cans and gets gasoline all over me.

"Firey!" I shout, disgusted by the smell and feel of gasoline soaking into me. I push my soaked hair behind my ears as I look up at Firey. "Seriously?"

"Sorry," He mumbles. "Wash it off as quick as you can, don't want you getting lit on fire too."

"Yeah? You think?" I groan, twisting all the gasoline out my clothes. "Doesn't matter right now, why do you have so many cans buried under your house?" I question.

"I don't know! I said it wasn't mine," He protests, peeking into the hole to see if there's anymore cans.

Firey's phone finally gives up and dies, leaving us in the dark. We sit in silence for a little until Firey says something.

"Hey Pin? Do you think this is also connected?" He asks, his voice way too quiet.

"What?"

"Like connected to everything else, the fires we've been seeing, the fire at the grave? With the whole plan, it kind of makes sense just to move forward with it." He mumbles, his voice slightly trembling as he makes the connections.

"Probably." I sigh, realizing Firey was right about everything.

"And with the whole Gaty thing today, I don't think we should waste anytime," He says, standing up.

"Wait woah what? You wanna go through with the plan, right *now?"* I shout, standing up with him.

"Yeah, it's kind of now or never," He says, taking his notebook out

his bag. I scoff.

"Firey! Im covered in gasoline! If you set the city on fire I'm gonna go down with it!" I exclaim, suddenly aware that I'm covered in gasoline again. I start rubbing at my arms, trying to get the feeling of it gone.

"Oh...right, then tomorrow? Or after you take a shower?" He asks, putting the notebook back in his bag.

"I don't know dude, just can we talk about this tomorrow? I'm getting really tired." I say, already walking back to Coiny's place. Firey nods, behind me.

"Yeah, I'm tired too anyway." He mumbles, following me.

We head back home slowly, the thoughts of everything coming back at us. We don't talk the entire walk home.

Once were back at our apartment, Firey makes his way in what used to be my apartment. I watch him walk inside, locking the door. I take a deep breath as I knock on the door, not having my keys. A wait for a little until Coiny opens the door.

Coiny gasps slightly as he sees me. He immediately jumps onto me, hugging me tightly.

"Coiny, I'm covered in Gasoline," I mumble, trying to get him off me.

"I don't care, I've been so worried about you," He mumbles into my shoulder, his voice breaking slightly.

I immediately forget about everything that happened earlier today and hug him back. I forgot how much of an asshole I've been to Coiny.

"I'm sorry," I whisper, my own voice breaking too. Coiny pull back and cups my face.

"You have a lot of blood on you, please don't tell me it's yours," He mutters, analyzing my clothes.

"It's not mine, I was with a friend and they had a really bad nose bleed," I mumble, trying to cover up everything that happened today.

"What kind of friend do you hang out with that gets you all dirty, *at 5AM.*" He asks, looking at the dirt smeared on my clothes.

A friend that's mentally insane about his dead friend.

"We just went to hang out in the forest, I fell into some dirt." I mumble, hoping he doesn't ask about the gasoline.

"I was so worried about you Pin, I thought something bad happened to you," Coiny mumbles, closing the door behind us.

"Uh huh...I'm gonna go take a shower, don't wanna go to sleep all dirty you know?" I say, rushing to the bathroom, hoping to avoid any more questions. Coiny nods.

"I'll probably be sleeping when you're done," He mumbles, still a little tired. He catches up to me and places a quick kiss on my forehead.

"I love you," He quickly says before heading to his bed.

"Love you too, goodnight," I mumble, watching him leave. I feel an ache in my heart, not because of how sweet he is, but because of how rude I am.

I wish I could just live a normal happy life with Coiny, I wish I didn't have to hide stuff from him. I wish I was okay, I wouldn't be seeing Leafy and going mental over nothing.

I love you too Coiny, a lot. I'm sorry for everything I've put you through.

Day 4 without power/wifi I'm slowly going insane

-sashay!!

Thanks Golfball!

1/7/16 - Yoyle city, 2PM

Pin

The relentless ringing of my phone pulls me from a thin, restless sleep. I already know who's calling, but I can't bring myself to answer right away. It's Firey, and I know exactly what he wants—to burn the city down. I never thought we'd reach this point, yet after last night, here we are. We're almost out of options, but even now, I'm not sure I want to go through with it.

With a sigh, I drag my head off the pillow, my hair tangled and a mess around my face. Pushing it back, I squint at the bright screen, groggy as I finally swipe to answer one of his insistent calls.

"Hello?" I mumble, putting no effort into sounding awake.

"You up?" Firey's voice is sharp, almost impatient, with an edge of something like excitement. He sounds wide awake, like he's buzzing with energy. I wonder if he even slept.

"No," I say, leaning back against the wall. I stifle a yawn, and then hear him yawn too, probably just out of habit.

"Well, go drink some coffee or something. We've got a plan to deal with, remember?" His tone is firm, almost demanding, like he's already made up his mind.

"Uh huh..." I mumble, dragging myself off the bed, feeling the chill of the morning air settle over me. "Firey, I don't really want to do this," I add softly, hoping he might reconsider, even for a second. There's a silence before he sighs.

"Come on, Pin. We have to. I'll meet you outside of Golfball's factory

in 30 minutes," he says, rushing through his words before I have a chance to argue, and then the call cuts off.

I let the phone slip from my hand onto the bed, falling back against the mattress, my head in my hands. My whole body feels heavy, like I'm sinking into the bed. A deep, tired ache settles in my chest as I try to piece together if there's any other way to help Firey without destroying everything. But I know him; if I'm not there, he might just go through with it anyway. And then everyone—maybe even himself—could end up dead.

Just as I start spiraling into my thoughts, a gentle knock pulls me back to reality. I glance up to see Coiny standing in the doorway, leaning against the frame with a quiet concern in his eyes.

"Hey, you're awake. You okay?" he asks, stepping closer. His presence is like a balm; I feel a warmth spread through me as he sits down beside me, wrapping an arm around my shoulders. I lean my head against him, feeling the tension ease a little.

"Yeah...just really tired," I murmur. "Didn't get much sleep last night."

Coiny gives a soft chuckle and rubs my arm. "Then go back to bed. You were up so late last night. It's catching up to you."

The thought of sleep sounds almost magical. Just one more hour would be bliss. I'm on the verge of giving in, my eyes starting to close, when Firey's words come back to haunt me. I can't just leave him waiting. Slowly, I pull myself away from Coiny's warmth, forcing myself to stand.

"I can't...I have to go," I mutter, stretching as every sore muscle in my body complains.

"What? Where are you going?" he asks, a note of worry slipping into his voice as he watches me gather myself.

"It's...nothing," I say, heading toward the bathroom. But Coiny, sensing something's off, follows me, his brows knitted in concern.

"Wait. You can't just go. You just got home. Pin, please..." His words stop me in my tracks, and I look at him through the mirror as he

stands behind me, worry written across his face.

"I know, but I need to leave again," I say, the words feeling heavier than they should. I grab my toothbrush, trying to ignore the weight of his gaze on me, but he's not giving up.

"Pin, you can't keep doing this." His voice is soft, but there's a pleading edge to it, and I can see the hurt in his eyes. It stings, and I feel a sharp pang of guilt deep in my chest.

"I'll be back soon," I say, my voice muffled as I start brushing my teeth, unable to meet his eyes. "I'm just...hanging out with a friend."

He sighs, finally looking away. "Fine. Whatever," he mutters, turning and walking out, leaving me alone in the bathroom. I hear the quiet click of the door as he closes it behind him.

I finish brushing and rinse my mouth, gripping the edge of the sink as I stare at myself in the mirror. My reflection stares back, tired and hollow, barely recognizable. My eyes are red, my hair a mess, and I look like I haven't slept in days. I hardly know who I am anymore. Just a month and a half ago, everything was...normal. Now here I am, about to destroy everything familiar, everything I know and love —just for Leafy.

I take a shaky breath, murmuring under my breath, "I hate you, Firey."

The silence of the bathroom presses down on me, broken only by my own shallow breaths. I grip the sink tighter, feeling the weight of everything settle heavy in my chest. There's a moment where I think about turning back, crawling back under the blankets beside Coiny, and pretending none of this ever happened. I'd tell him the truth eventually—or maybe I wouldn't. Maybe I'd just let it fade, let it all be nothing more than a nightmare.

But Firey's words echo in my mind, louder than ever. I don't know if it's the right thing or if I'm just getting dragged into something I won't ever get out of, but I can't let him go through with this alone.

I pull myself together, splashing water on my face, the cold bite

snapping me back to reality. My phone's still on the bed where I left it, the screen dark. I snatch it up, stuffing it into my pocket, and glance back at the bathroom doorway, half-expecting to see Coiny standing there, waiting with that quiet, knowing look. But he's not there.

I make my way out of the bathrooms, glancing at Coiny who's laying down in bed, the dull ache of guilt tightening in my chest. It would've been so easy to tell him—at least a little bit of the truth. But how do you explain something like this? How do you tell someone that you're about to set fire to the life you've built together?

Steeling myself, I slip on my jacket and step outside. The morning air bites at my skin, crisp and cold, a sharp contrast to the heavy warmth I'd left behind inside. I start walking, the sound of my footsteps echoing in the empty street. Each step feels heavier than the last as I approach Golfball's factory.

Firey's already there, leaning against the wall with a small notebook in his hands. He's scribbling something inside before looking at me.

"Pin! You're late," Firey mutters, frowning at me.

"Whoops," I reply dryly, shrugging it off. He sighs, grabbing my arm and pulling me closer to the window, where we both peer inside.

"Golfball should be in there somewhere," he whispers, his breath fogging up the glass. Just as I'm about to respond, Golfball walks past the window, then stops and does a double-take when she spots us.

Suddenly, she's banging on the glass, her mouth moving in silent, furious words. Firey flinches, instinctively backing up. Golfball's face turns red as she keeps shouting, her expression a mix of rage and disbelief.

"We can't hear you!" Firey shouts back, making exaggerated gestures to emphasize his words. Golfball scowls, then disappears from the window, only to storm out of the factory's door a moment later.

"What the hell are you doing pressed up all against my window? You're gonna smear your gross, generation-ending bacteria all over it!" Golfball snaps, eyeing the fogged-up glass with a look of disgust. She groans and starts wiping it off with the hem of her lab coat.

"If it weren't for Tennisball, I'd have—oh, hey, Pin," she says, her expression softening a little when she sees me. "How's your arm?"

"It's getting better. Still hurts, but I'm managing," I reply with a weak smile. Firey moves closer, leaning in to whisper in my ear.

"Don't forget what we're here for. Ask her about the gasoline," he urges, his gaze flicking back to Golfball. "She likes you more than me!"

"I don't know what to say!" I whisper back through gritted teeth. Firey sighs in exasperation.

"Just ask if you can borrow gasoline or something!" he hisses before stepping back as Golfball turns to face us again.

"So, Golfball... how have you been?" I stammer, nervously smoothing down my clothes.

She narrows her eyes at Firey, her tone a little frosty. "Better, until now."

"That's... good! Listen, I was wondering if you could do me a little favor?" I ask, doing my best to sound casual.

She raises an eyebrow. "Depends on what you're asking."

I take a deep breath, glancing over at Firey. He gives me an impatient look, nudging me forward.

"Well," I start, trying to sound as nonchalant as possible, "we, uh... we kind of need some gasoline."

Golfball crosses her arms, her eyes narrowing even further. "Gasoline? Why would you need gasoline?"

I glance at Firey, hoping he'll jump in and explain, but he just

shrugs, pretending to be fascinated with something in the distance.

"It's... for a project," I say finally, wincing at how unconvincing it sounds. "An experiment, you know? Thought you'd be the best person to ask."

Golfball raises an eyebrow, clearly skeptical. "And what kind of 'experiment' involves you sneaking around my factory and fogging up my windows?" Her gaze shifts to Firey. "Especially with him around?"

Firey's expression shifts, a bit of irritation flickering across his face. "Hey, I'm not here to cause trouble, alright?" he mutters defensively.

Golfball sighs, rubbing her temples as if she's already regretting letting us in. "You two are unbelievable." She looks at me, clearly waiting for a better explanation.

"It's for an experiment, honest. After I spent all that time in your factory...I've been inspired by you, I want to be as cool as you and do my own experiments and invent things too!" I ramble on the spot, hoping she believes me. Golfball smirks, smuggly.

Golfball's smirk widens, and she crosses her arms, leaning back with a look of smug satisfaction. "Is that so?" she repeats, clearly enjoying the flattery.

I nod eagerly, hoping I can sell this. "Yeah! I mean, you're always inventing things, running experiments, solving problems... it's honestly inspiring." I say it as sincerely as possible, even though the words feel awkward coming out. I can see Firey beside me, trying not to laugh.

"Well," Golfball says, looking thoughtfully at me, "it's about time someone recognized my brilliance." She lets out a small laugh, clearly basking in the praise. "So, tell me, what exactly is this little experiment of yours? What are you hoping to accomplish?"

I swallow hard, scrambling for an answer. "It's, uh, a combustion experiment," I say, glancing quickly at Firey, who raises his eyebrows in mild surprise. "I want to understand how controlled burns work

and... maybe even try out different fuel sources?"

Golfball seems to consider this, tapping her chin thoughtfully. "A combustion experiment, huh?" She glances over at Firey, her expression sharpening just a bit. "And you couldn't have done this without him?"

I quickly shake my head, putting on my best innocent look. "I just... I figured I might need a little help, you know? Firey's kind of... naturally good with fire."

Golfball stares at me, then sighs, shaking her head. "Alright, Pin. I'll give you what you need—for your experiment." She says it with a hint of sarcasm, as if she knows there's more to it than I'm letting on. "But you better not mess this up. You're dealing with real science here, not some amateur hour."

"Of course! I'll be careful," I say, nodding vigorously.

With a final, skeptical glance, she heads back into her lab to retrieve the supplies. As soon as she's out of earshot, Firey leans in, giving me a knowing smirk.

"Inspired by her, huh? Nice touch."

"Hey, it worked, didn't it?" I mutter, rolling my eyes. "She's suspicious, though, so let's just get this over with and get out of here."

After a minute, Golfball returns with containers of gasoline, her face set in a serious expression. She hands it to me, her grip lingering as she stares directly into my eyes. "Remember, Pin, science is about responsibility. Don't make me regret trusting you."

"I won't," I say, forcing a smile. I can feel the weight of her warning, but I ignore it, my mind focused on what's ahead.

With one last glance, Golfball turns and heads back inside, leaving us with our supplies.

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i ate so much cake today i feel sick

guys im sorry i didnt post this chapter earlier if im being honest im just like super super lazy and i wanna sleep all day 😼

This chapter is lowkey rushed and i was gonna write more but i got lazy and just cut it off early,,,but itsokay...i think.. 💔💔💔

-sashay!!

Finally

1/7/16 - Yoyle City, 3:35PM

Firey

"Firey, seriously. Why can't you help me? At least carry something," Pin groaned, her voice strained as she staggered behind me, weighed down by the cans of gasoline sloshing heavily in her arms.

I glanced back over my shoulder, offering a faint, apologetic smile. "Because you're the strong one," I said lightly, though even I knew how thin that excuse was.

"My arm is still broken!" she snapped, her steps slowing as the weight dragged her arms lower. Her breaths were uneven, sharp.

"Fine, give me one," I muttered, stopping long enough to take a can from her trembling grasp.

Pin exhaled shakily as she shook her now-freed arm, trying to work out the stiffness.

"Thanks," she mumbled, her tone somewhere between gratitude and exhaustion.

We trudged along in silence for a while, the quiet broken only by the rhythmic clang of metal cans bumping against each other. Finally, she asked, "So, what's next?"

I pulled the crumpled notebook from my bag, holding it out for her to see as I flipped through the pages.

"We get to the top of the mountain, pour the gasoline all over, and light it. The fire will take care of the rest."

"Sounds like a blast," she muttered dryly, her expression grim.

I rolled my eyes. "Once that's done, we'll run back to the city and warn everyone to evacuate. No one will get hurt."

Pin raised a skeptical brow, side-eyeing the notebook. "You sure about that? Won't the fire spread faster than we can run?"

I hesitated, tapping the notebook against my hand. "No. Maybe. Look, I'm a fast runner, okay? Not my problem if you can't keep up."

"Great," she said flatly, giving me an unimpressed glare.

As we neared the base of the mountain, the bustling city behind us began to fade into the background. But even here, we couldn't avoid the prying eyes of strangers. I felt their stares boring into us, judgmental and wary.

Then came the footsteps—a light but purposeful rhythm of someone approaching quickly. Before I could react, a hand gripped my shoulder, spinning me around.

"And what do you think you two are doing?" Match's voice was sharp, demanding. Her hands were on her hips, her gaze narrowing as it darted between the cans in our hands.

Pin tensed beside me, shifting uncomfortably under Match's scrutiny. I could see her fingers twitching, her stance rigid.

"Leave us alone, Match," I said firmly, snapping the notebook shut and holding it close to my chest.

But Match wasn't one to back down. With a swift motion, she snatched the notebook from my hands, flipping it open. Her eyes darted over the pages, widening with each word she read.

"What the hell is this?" she shouted, tossing the notebook back at me as though it burned her.

"It's none of your business," Pin interjected, stepping forward. Her voice was cold, her posture defiant despite the tension in her shoulders.

"Go back to your little girlfriend or whatever. Just leave us alone."

Match's expression twisted into one of pure indignation. "Um, it is my business! I'm not letting you two walk away without telling me what's going on. Either you spill, or you're not going anywhere."

Pin's lips curled into a mocking smirk, even as her hands trembled faintly. "We don't owe you anything. And even if you tried to stop us, it's a two-versus-one. You wouldn't stand a chance."

Match's eyes narrowed dangerously. "Oh yeah? And what are you gonna do with that arm? The one I broke?" She stepped closer, her voice dropping to a venomous hiss. "Let's face it, Pin. You wouldn't even be standing here if Firey hadn't come running to save your sorry ass."

Pin flinched, but only for a fraction of a second. Her face hardened, and her tone turned icy.

"Dead like Ruby?"she said, the words slicing through the air like a blade.

Match froze, her breath catching audibly in her throat. The mention of Ruby hit like a physical blow, her face paling for a moment before her anger reignited.

Pin didn't stop.

"What's wrong? Hit a nerve? You act all tough, like you're untouchable, but you're just a pussy. A coward who hides behind her loud mouth and cheap shots."

Match's fists clenched at her sides, trembling with barely-contained rage.

"Go ahead," Pin sneered, her voice low and dripping with disgust. "Keep pretending you've got it all figured out. Ruby would be ashamed of you. She'd hate the person you've turned into."

Match's face contorted with fury, her chest heaving as she tried to form a response. But before she could, Pin stepped back, her expression cold and final.

"Leave us alone. Or so help us, Match, we'll toss you into the flames

and see if your ego burns brighter than the fire."

Match glared at us, her lips pressed into a tight, furious line. "You know what? Fine. But if anything happens to the city, it's on you two!" She spun on her heel, stomping off without another word.

As her figure disappeared into the distance, Pin exhaled heavily, picking up the cans she'd dropped.

"I hate her," she muttered, shaking her head as she started walking again.

I sighed, tucking the notebook back into my bag. "You didn't have to go that hard on her, you know."

"She stabbed me. You call that harsh?" Pin shot back, her voice laced with lingering frustration.

"Fair point," I muttered, quickening my pace to keep up.

It takes another long, agonizing stretch of minutes as we drag ourselves and the heavy cans of gasoline up the unforgiving incline of the mountain. Each step feels heavier than the last, the weight of the containers digging into our arms and the incline testing our every ounce of strength. By the time we finally reach the summit, both of us collapse onto the rough ground, gasping for breath, utterly spent. The world feels distant as we sit there, sprawled out and catching our breaths, the silence between us filled only by the faint rustle of wind and the far-off hum of Yoyle City below.

"I'm tired..." I groan, stretching out my arms and letting them fall dramatically to my sides. My hand accidentally smacks Pin, drawing a muffled grunt from her.

"I'm more tired! I had to carry more cans!" she protests, her voice tinged with both irritation and genuine exhaustion as she throws her head back, shutting her eyes tightly against the fading sunlight. She rolls her shoulders as if trying to shake off the lingering ache in her muscles.

"Yeah... whatever." I let out a long, slow sigh, closing my eyes for a brief moment as the cool mountain breeze brushes against my skin. It

carries the crispness of winter, mingled with the faint scent of earth and gasoline. I try to steady my breathing, allowing the fresh air to wash over me.

Pin is the first to sit up, her movement slow and deliberate, as if every motion takes more effort than it should. She brings her knees up to her chest and wraps her arms around them, staring out across the vast expanse of Yoyle City sprawled out below us. For a moment, she doesn't say anything, her gaze distant and unfocused. Finally, she sighs, her frown deepening.

"I really don't wanna do this," she murmurs, her voice small and heavy with uncertainty. Her words hang in the air between us, and I can feel the weight of her hesitation pressing down on both of us.

"I don't either..." I admit softly, sitting up to mirror her posture. I rest my arms on my knees, clutching the grass below as if trying to ground myself. "But it's the only guaranteed way to get rid of Leafy and the voices... not just for us, but for everyone else. Think about it." I glance at her, trying to meet her eyes, though she keeps her gaze stubbornly fixed on the city. "We're not just burning it all down. We're helping the city, preventing more situations like... like Ruby." My voice falters for a second, but I push on, hoping my reasoning will somehow make this easier for her—for both of us. "You know it's the right thing to do."

She doesn't respond immediately. Instead, she stays quiet, chewing on the inside of her cheek as she thinks over my words. Finally, she lets out a deep breath, one that feels like she's exhaling all her doubts and fears in one go. "I guess..." she mutters, her voice barely audible above the breeze. She glances down at me, her tired eyes meeting mine for a fleeting second before she looks away. "I guess we should start now, while the sun's still up?"

"Yeah," I reply, nodding as I push myself to my feet. My legs tremble slightly from the effort, but I manage to steady myself. Pin follows suit, though her movements are slower, more hesitant. I grab one of the cans and walk over to her, watching as she unscrews the cap of her own container with shaky hands. The faint, sharp smell of gasoline immediately fills the air, making my stomach twist uncomfortably.

Pin glances at me, her expression unreadable, but she gives me a small nudge with her elbow—a silent encouragement. Taking a deep breath, I unscrew my can as well and tilt it forward, letting the thick liquid spill out onto the dry, brittle grass below. The sound of it pouring out is oddly satisfying, though the acrid smell quickly becomes overwhelming. We work in silence, moving methodically as we empty can after can, dousing the ground in gasoline until the air around us feels suffocating.

By the time the last container is empty, the sun is hanging low on the horizon, casting long, golden shadows across the mountain. Pin wipes the back of her hand across her forehead, her face glistening with sweat despite the cool air. She glances at me, her eyes tired but determined. "That's it," she says quietly. "What now?"

I walk over to my bag, pulling out a small matchbox. The weight of it in my hand feels disproportionate to its size—like I'm holding a tiny fragment of doom. My fingers tremble slightly as I strike a match, the small flame flickering to life at the tip. It's mesmerizing, in a way, how something so small and fragile can hold so much power.

"I love you, Leafy," I whisper under my breath, the words escaping before I can stop them. They feel heavy, final. Without hesitation, I toss the match onto the gasoline-soaked grass.

The reaction is immediate. Flames erupt in a brilliant, almost blinding burst of orange and red, racing down the mountain with terrifying speed. The heat slams into us like a physical force, making it hard to breathe, hard to think. Pin stumbles back, her eyes wide as the fire nearly licks at her feet.

"Okay, come on!" she shouts, grabbing my arm and yanking me backward. Her grip is firm but frantic, her voice tinged with panic. "We don't have much time!"

I glance back over my shoulder, my heart clenching as my eyes land on Leafy's grave, now bathed in the eerie glow of the flames. Memories flood my mind—everything that's happened over the past week, every moment that's led us to this point. My chest feels tight, like I'm being crushed under the weight of it all.

Pin doesn't give me a chance to linger. She drags me away, her grip unrelenting as we break into a run. The fire is spreading faster than I expected, the crackling roar of the flames growing louder with each passing second. The heat follows us, pressing against our backs like a living, breathing entity determined to consume everything in its path.

We run until we're far enough down the mountain that the fire can't reach us, though the smell of smoke still lingers in the air, clinging to our clothes and skin. My legs ache, my lungs burn, but I don't stop until Pin finally slows down, letting go of my arm.

We both collapse onto the ground, panting and gasping for breath. The fire is still visible from where we sit, a monstrous inferno that lights up the darkening sky. It's both beautiful and horrifying, a stark reminder of what we've just done. I glance at Pin, her face illuminated by the flickering glow of the flames. She doesn't say anything, but the look in her eyes says it all.

There's no going back now.

I ate two protein bars while writing this...they were like a 6/10

Next chapter will be the last!! I'll be writing it today or tomorrow 💔💔💔

-sashay!!

end

1/7/16 - Yoyle City, 5:50PM

Pin

"You know? Now that I'm really thinking about it, this wasn't a good idea!" Firey shouts, his voice rising in panic as he sprints beside me. His breaths come in ragged gasps, his usually steady demeanor completely shattered by the chaos unfolding around us.

"You think?" I yell back, my own voice tight with fear and adrenaline. My legs burn as I push myself harder, the roaring sound of the flames behind us growing louder and closer with each second. The heat presses against my back, and I don't dare glance over my shoulder—I can feel it, and that's terrifying enough.

The fire is moving too fast, consuming everything in its path without mercy. I fumble with my phone, nearly dropping it as I frantically swipe to unlock it. My hands shake as I open my contacts list, my mind racing. Without thinking, I start sending out a mass text to everyone in my phone, my fingers moving clumsily across the screen.

Beside me, Firey is doing the same, though his progress is slower. He doesn't have many contacts, and I catch a glimpse of his screen—half his messages bounce back as failed, the numbers no longer in use.

"This is pointless," he mutters under his breath, but he keeps going, desperate to do something, anything, to warn people.

By the time we reach the edge of the city, the fire has started to slow down, though it's still moving at an alarming speed. Its glow lights up the sky, an ominous orange and red that makes it look like the sun is setting in reverse. The air is thick with smoke, and my throat burns with every breath.

Around us, chaos erupts. People are pouring out of their homes, their faces etched with panic as they stare at the approaching inferno. Some scream, their voices lost in the cacophony, while others scramble to pack belongings into their cars or run aimlessly through the streets. The fire feels alive, its tendrils stretching hungrily toward the city like it won't stop until it's consumed everything.

Finally, Firey and I stop, collapsing against the side of a building as we try to catch our breaths. My lungs feel like they're on fire themselves, each inhale a struggle against the acrid air. I double over, resting my hands on my knees, while Firey leans heavily against the wall beside me.

"I'm tired..." he mumbles, his voice barely audible over the distant crackle of flames and the rising screams of people around us. His head tilts back against the wall, his eyes wide and glazed as he stares blankly into the smoky sky.

A person sprints past us, shouting something incoherent about the fire. Firey watches him go, his gaze detached, almost like he's not fully processing what's happening. He lets out a shaky breath, his usually fiery glow dimmed by exhaustion and fear.

I glance at him, wiping sweat from my face with the back of my hand. "Yeah... me too," I mutter, though the words feel hollow. There's no time to rest—not really. The fire isn't going to stop just because we're tired, and the city won't save itself. But for a moment, we stand there, caught between the chaos behind us and the destruction looming ahead, too drained to do anything but breathe.

The stillness doesn't last long. A loud explosion echoes from somewhere far off, deep within the fire's grasp, and the ground beneath us seems to tremble. Firey flinches, his eyes darting toward the source of the sound.

"What was that?" he asks, his voice thin, almost drowned out by the distant roar of the flames.

"Something caught in the fire," I reply, though I'm not sure what.

The noise around us grows. Car alarms blare as people scramble to

flee, some shouting in confusion, others crying.

"We can't stay here," I say, straightening up. My legs scream in protest, but I push through it. "The fire's gonna catch up eventually."

Firey doesn't respond right away. He's staring at the ground, his breathing ragged and uneven. Then, quietly, he mumbles, "Pin... actually, I think I'm gonna stay."

The words hit me like a punch to the gut. My chest tightens as I whip around to face him, my heart pounding in a panicked rhythm.

"What?" I shout, disbelief and fear lacing my voice. "Firey, you're gonna die!"

"I know," he says softly, his eyes still trained on the ground. "Just... after all this time, I really want to see Leafy again. All this work for her, I might as well see her."

His words make my blood run cold. I grab his arm, shaking him as if that'll snap him out of whatever twisted thought process he's stuck in.

"Are you out of your mind?" I yell, my voice cracking.

He looks up at me then, and what I see in his eyes makes my stomach drop. There's no fear, no hesitation—only a quiet, resigned determination.

"Pin," he says, his voice barely audible over the distant roar of the fire. "I've been thinking about this for a while now. All of this... everything we've done, it's for her. For Leafy. And if it means I get to be with her again, then maybe it's worth it."

"No," I snap, my hands trembling as I tighten my grip on his arm. "No, it's not worth it. None of this is worth throwing your life away, Firey. She wouldn't want this!"

"I'm sorry, Pin," he says, his voice soft but firm. "But I've already made up my mind."

I feel like I'm going to collapse. My legs feel weak, trembling beneath me, and my chest heaves as I try to process what he's saying. The fire

is getting closer—I can feel its searing heat creeping up behind us, the thick, suffocating air growing heavier with smoke. My lungs burn, my heart pounding as if it's trying to escape my ribcage.

"Firey, please!" I shout, my voice breaking as tears spill down my cheeks. Desperation claws at my throat. "Don't do this! You don't have to do this!"

For a moment, he just stands there, his eyes dark with conflict. Then, with a deep, shaky breath, he steps closer and pulls me into a tight hug. The gesture catches me off guard, and I freeze, my hands hovering awkwardly before they clutch at his back, holding onto him like he's a lifeline.

"I'm sorry," he whispers, his voice barely audible over the crackle of flames and the distant screams of the city. His words hit me like a dagger, and I feel his chest heave against mine, his breath labored.

"No," I choke out, shaking my head against his shoulder. "No, Firey, don't say that. You can't—"

Before I can finish, he pulls back, his face streaked with ash. His frown deepens, his expression filled with something I can only describe as regret. Then, suddenly, he starts coughing, doubling over as smoke fills his lungs.

The fire is closing in, the unbearable heat radiating against my back and making the air thick and nearly impossible to breathe. Firey is still coughing, his chest heaving as he struggles to stay upright, but I can see it in his face—he's resigned. He's made his choice, and no matter how much I want to shake him out of it, I know I can't.

"Firey..." I whisper, my voice hoarse from the smoke. "If you're staying... then I'm staying too."

His head snaps up, his eyes wide with disbelief.

"What? No, Pin, are *you* out of your mind? You have to go!"

"I'm not leaving you!" I shout back, planting my feet firmly on the ground. My voice cracks, my throat burning from the thick smoke. "After everything we've been through, I'm not just going to walk

away and let you die alone!"

"You *have* to," he insists, grabbing my arm, his grip trembling. "Pin, you don't understand. You can still get out of here. You can survive. There's no point in you staying—don't do this to yourself."

"Do what, Firey?" I snap, tears stinging my eyes as I shake his hand off me. "Run away and pretend like this doesn't matter? Pretend like none of this happened? I can't just leave you here—not after everything!"

"You have someone waiting for you," he says, his voice quiet but desperate. "You have a life outside of this—people who care about you. You're not like me, Pin. You can move on."

I hesitate, my chest tightening at his words. I think of Coiny, the life I might still have if I walk away now, but it all feels distant, unreachable, like something that belongs to someone else. Right here, right now, I can't think about anything other than Firey and the fire that's closing in on us.

"Firey..." I take a deep breath, the air burning as it fills my lungs. "You've been with me through everything. All of this—the grave, Leaft, the voices... we did this together. And I'm not just going to abandon you now. You might think this is the end for you, but it's the end for us."

His shoulders sag, and for a moment, he just looks at me, his expression filled with a mixture of frustration and something softer—something like gratitude.

"You're stubborn, you know that?" he mutters, his voice cracking.

"Yeah," I say, my voice steady despite the tears running down my face. "I've heard that before."

The fire is roaring now, its furious heat licking at our backs and filling the air with a suffocating thickness. The world feels like it's closing in, the orange glow of the flames staining everything around us. My chest is tight, but not just from the smoke—it's from the weight of everything that's about to happen.

Then I hear it—a voice cutting through the chaos, familiar and desperate.

"Pin! Firey!" Coiny's voice shouts from the distance, sharp and panicked.

I spin around just as he comes into view, running toward us as fast as his legs can carry him, dodging debris and the growing wall of heat. He's panting hard when he finally reaches us, his face flushed from exertion and terror.

"What are you two doing?!" he cries out, his voice cracking. He looks between us, panic flashing in his eyes as he takes in the flames creeping closer.

"Coiny!" I gasp, rushing toward him without thinking. I throw my arms around him, clinging to him tightly as though the world isn't about to burn to ash around us. For a brief moment, I feel safe. I bury my face in his shoulder, the smell of him cutting through the stench of gasoline and smoke.

"Pin, we have to go!" he pleads, his voice shaking as he pulls back and grabs my shoulders, trying to get me to move. "Come on, there's still time! Both of you, we can get out of here—please!"

"Coiny..." My voice trembles, and I step back, shaking my head as tears spill over my cheeks.

His brows knit together in confusion, his lips parting slightly. "What?" His voice is barely above a whisper, disbelieving. "Why aren't you moving? Did you... did you guys—" His voice catches. "Did you start the fire?"

"Yes." The word comes out in a whisper, quiet and ashamed. I can't meet his eyes. "And we're staying here."

"What?" His voice rises, his disbelief and terror mixing into a heart-wrenching cry. "No! You can't! You'll both die!" He takes a step toward me, his hands trembling at his sides.

"We know," Firey says hoarsely, coughing as the smoke thickens around us.

Coiny's face is streaked with tears as he stares at me, his expression twisted in a mixture of anguish and desperation. "Pin, please," he chokes out, his voice trembling. "You don't have to do this. You can't do this."

"Coiny..." My voice cracks, and I don't know how to find the words. I look at him, memorizing every detail—the way his hands shake as he reaches out for me, the way his eyes shine with so much love it physically hurts.

And that's when it hits me. I'm going to die.

The thought crashes into me like a wave, stealing the air from my lungs. I'm never going to see him again. Never going to feel his arms around me, hear his voice, or see that crooked little smile that always made everything feel okay. My chest tightens, and I feel the tears coming harder now, burning trails down my smoke-stained cheeks.

"I love you," I whisper, my voice trembling but certain.

Coiny steps closer, his hands cupping my face as he stares into my eyes, his tears falling freely now. "I love you too, Pin. More than anything. That's why I can't let you do this. Please, please don't leave me. Please don't make me go without you."

I feel myself breaking. The fire is closing in, the heat scorching the air around us, but all I can focus on is him. His touch. His voice. His love.

"I wish things were different," I whisper, my voice barely audible over the crackling flames. "I wish I could stay with you. But I can't. I have to do this. For Leafy. For everything. I'm so sorry, Coiny. I'm sorry I've hurt you. I'm sorry I've been so distant. I wish I had more time to show you how much you mean to me."

"Pin..." His voice cracks, and he pulls me into a desperate hug, holding me like he can keep me from slipping away. I cling to him just as tightly, burying my face in his shoulder as the reality of what's happening settles over me like a weight I can't escape.

"Please don't make me leave you," he whispers into my hair, his voice

breaking.

"You have to," I say, my voice firm even as my heart shatters. I pull back just enough to look into his eyes, my hands resting on his chest. "I can't let you stay. You have to live, Coiny. You have to live for both of us."

He shakes his head, his tears falling faster. "I can't live without you."

"You can," I say, forcing the words out through the lump in my throat. "You have to."

The fire is so close now, the heat searing against my skin. I gently push him away, my hands lingering on his for just a moment longer.

Before I can respond, he leans in, pressing a kiss to my lips. It's desperate and full of sorrow, and I feel my heart shatter as I kiss him back, knowing this is the last time I'll ever feel this close to him.

"What if I stay with you?" he asks suddenly, his voice frantic. He steps closer again, his hands reaching out for me. "We can all stay together. I'll stay with you."

"No!" I shout, my voice filled with desperation as I shove him back. "No, Coiny! You can't stay. You *have* to go. If you stay, you'll die too, and I can't let that happen."

His eyes fill with fresh tears as he stumbles back, his shoulders shaking. He looks at Firey, then back at me, before letting out a shaky breath. He walks over to Firey, pulling him into a tight hug.

"Firey," he says, his voice cracking. "I'm sorry for everything. For all the times I was an asshole or a jerk. You're... you're really cool, okay? You were the best enemy someone could have."

Firey gives him a weak smile, his body trembling from exhaustion and the heat. "It's fine... You're cool too, I guess," he mumbles. Then his voice softens. "But you need to go, Coiny. Pin meant it. She always means what she says."

Coiny nods, wiping his face roughly with his sleeve, though his tears don't stop. He turns to walk away but hesitates, looking back one last

time.

"Coiny," he calls out, his voice quiet but firm. "Tell Match I love her, okay? She needs to know."

"I will," Coiny replies, nodding.

Coiny's gaze shifts to me, and our eyes meet, for the last time. The look on his face is enough to shatter what's left of my heart. He tries to smile, but it's wobbly and broken.

"I love you, Pin," he says, his voice barely above a whisper.

"I love you too," I choke out, my tears falling freely now.

He nods, his lips trembling, and finally turns away, disappearing into the smoke.

The flames engulf us not long after, wrapping around me and Firey like a living, breathing thing. The pain is unimaginable—searing, stabbing, consuming. It feels like my entire body is being ripped apart, and I scream until I can't anymore, my throat raw and useless.

I collapse to the ground, my body trembling as the fire devours me. The last thing I think about is Coiny—his voice, his touch, his love. My heart aches with the weight of everything I'll never get to say, everything I'll never get to do.

And then there's nothing. Just blackness.

But even as the darkness claims me, I hold onto the memory of him. Of his love. And for a moment, it feels like maybe, just maybe, it was enough.

"Leafy?"

"Firey..?

Woah Sasha ACTUALLY finishing a book on wattpad... First time ever....

Hope you guys liked this book let me know if you did🧠 it was a little out there and kinda (really) shitty.. I hope it wasn't too confusing or stupid, there most likely won't be a part two cause I'm lazy 💔💔 love you all and for one last time..

-sashay!!